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Farm, Garden, and Household.

Butter Making—Temperatures.

We do not think an abundance of running water absolutely essential to the best results in butter-making, if you can keep the temperature of the milk-room at the right point. It is only necessary to reduce the temperature of the milk to about 70 degrees soon after it is drawn from the cow, if you can set it in a room with a temperature of 58 or 60 degrees. Indeed, it is our impression that surrounding milk and keeping its temperature down with cold water, while exposing the surface to a temperature varying with the weather, is injurious to the flavor and the keeping qualities of the butter.

The best temperature for raising cream, it is admitted by our best buttermakers, is about sixty degrees. The variation should not be much above or below this. At this point we should prefer, if possible, to keep the temperature of the milk-room the year round. In it we would keep the milk and the cream until it was ready to churn. If you go below this, it retards the rising of the cream and we think injures the butter. It is a pretty well established fact that the best cheese cannot be made out of milk that has gone much below sixty-five degrees. Below that the sweet nutty flavor disappears. We think that when we begin to go below sixty degrees, we begin to lose the rosy smell and aromatic flavor of our butter. It may remain sweet but it has forever lost that delicious, creamy taste which is a peculiarity of fancy butter, and, when afterward exposed to higher temperature, decay is more rapid because of the chilling it had received. We would not, therefore, if we could as well as not, let milk go below sixty degrees—certainly not below fifty-eight degrees.

The best temperature for churning is somewhere between sixty and sixty-five degrees—about sixty-two or sixty-three in summer, and sixty-five in winter. If you begin churning at sixty, even in a room of that temperature, you will raise the temperature of the cream two or three degrees in a very short time and increase the bulk. It is not the season alone which demands a variation in the temperature of the cream between summer and winter—that you should churn it warmer in winter and colder in summer. It is true that in warm weather the tendency of the temperature is to rise, and in cold weather to sink. But there is another reason why a higher temperature is required in the summer. It is found in the composition of the butter. In the summer, there is more oil and less hard fat in the butter. In winter, there is more hard fat and less oil. In winter, the proportion of hard fat to oil is about sixty parts fat to forty parts oil. In summer, this proportion is reversed, and we have about forty parts of hard fat to sixty parts of oil. Hence, butter at the same temperature is harder in winter than it is in summer. This is of itself sufficient reason for churning at a higher temperature in winter than in summer.

It is well known that the flavor of butter made in summer is better than that of butter made in winter. It is not because there is more oil in summer and less hard, tasteless fat? Is it not exactly known what gives butter its peculiar flavor. We suspect the flavor is imparted by some quality in the oil, and that, where we diminish the quantity of oil, and increase the quantity of hard fat, we weaken the flavor and make the butter insipid. We would like to see some experiments tried to decide this point. If we are right, the butter from a cow noted for the high flavor of the butter will contain a larger proportion of oil than the butter from a cow whose product is comparatively tasteless. [Utica Weekly Herald.

What We Know About Beans.

We have had some experience in raising beans, and much observation. We are planting nearly twenty acres the present season. For two years past, taking one year with another, they have been one of the most profitable crops raised on the farm. They occupy the land only eight or ten weeks, and are harvested in time to sow winter wheat. No special skill or peculiar treatment is necessary in raising them, but some care and experience are required to harvest them. The real point is to have the land clean, mellow and in good heart. The old saying, "too poor to raise beans" has led many astray. They have planted beans only on such as was not considered rich enough or clean enough or dry enough to raise corn or small-grain crops. And the result, in nine cases out of ten is just what any one might expect—abundance of weeds, a light yield and an inferior or mildewed sample of beans, fit only to feed to sheep. In fact we have seen beans so mildewed that any sensible farmer would be afraid to feed them to his animals without steaming them.

A crop of beans of thirty bushels to an acre that has to grow and mature in so short a time, must have a liberal supply of available food, and the soil must be in the best condition. We are aware that a fair crop of beans is sometimes raised on soil so hard that it would seem that the roots could not penetrate it. But a maximum yield cannot be expected unless all the conditions are favorable. The most common mistake is in trying to raise beans and weeds on the same land at the same time. We have seen part of a field cultivated and hoed, and another part of equally good land left uncultivated, and the latter produced less than one third of the former. The extra cost of pulling the beans out of the weeds was more than it would have cost to cultivate and hoe them. The beans on the weedy land did not mature properly, and could not be sold at any price. The most profitable crop we ever raised was on a two years old clover sod, ploughed in June, turning under clover equal perhaps to more than half a ton of hay an acre. The beans were drilled in immediately after the land was ploughed and harrowed. There was a rain shortly afterward, and the beans came up and grew rapidly. They were cultivated four or five times, but needed scarcely any hoeing. The yield was over twenty bushels an acre, and the beans brought $3.25 a bushel. The land, after the beans were off, was ploughed and sown to winter wheat, and produced a good crop. This was merely a lucky hit. [Agriculturist.

Where Plaster is Serviceable.

The Journal of Chemistry says: From ascertained facts we should infer that plaster must prove highly serviceable to moist, mossy hills, and also to meadows not too wet, and this has proved correct so far as our observations extend. Often we have found that the north side of a hill will be greatly benefitted by plaster, while upon the southern exposure it has no perceptible effect. This is due to the fact that the northern slope is cooler, or often in shade, and has more moisture, and a larger amount of partially decayed vegetation, to aid in the promotion of those chemical changes to which we have alluded. It is certain that it does not matter so much what may be the nature of the soil to which we apply plaster, as external agencies are principally concerned in fitting it for plant food.

While the question as to how plaster acts in all cases as a fertilizer cannot be regarded as fixedly settled, yet we have certain facts to guide us in its application which are of the highest importance. With what we know, it would be absurd for a farmer to apply the agent to a dry silicious plane, or to a hot, impoverished hill; and also it would be unwise to sow it upon a meadow which is covered by water six months in the year. It must also be observed that the season has much to do with the effect of plaster. During the past three or four seasons of extreme drought, its application has notably failed upon almost all fields, but as soon as we have continued moisture through the summer months, it will manifest its influence upon vegetation.

Plaster may be applied with confidence to pastures and fields which are strong enough to sustain a good growth of deciduous trees. Pine lands are not usually benefitted by it. A hill side where moss will grow so as to crowd out good grasses is usually promptly benefitted by plaster, and the white clover comes in at once. These suggestions we think may serve to throw light on the use of plaster as an important fertilizing agent to our fields, and also serve to show that we are not entirely in the dark respecting one of the most obscure problems connected with husbandry.

ROOM FOR MORE SHEEP. Statistics show that there were in 1871 about 32,000,000 sheep in the United States, yielding an average of four pounds of wool each, or 128,000,000 pounds in the aggregate. In addition, the annual importation wool amounts to about 70,000,000 pounds, at a cost of nearly $10,000,000. Then we import woolen goods to the amount of nearly $44,000,000 per annum. There is room, therefore, for an increase of 17,000,000 more sheep in the country to supply the home demand for wool, and for about 12,000,000 to displace the importation of woolen goods.

The Fruit Garden.

A fruit tree never suffers from too much manure, if the roots are healthy. If a tree seems to suffer after a heavy manuring, it is only that it was in a bad way before this. Of course, if one were to empty a cesspool, a cart load of fresh lime, or some other inordinate mass of food under a tree, it would suffer; but our meaning is that no amount of manure that would be found of benefit to any regular garden will be otherwise than beneficial to a fruit tree, if the roots be healthy. Many trees suffer from the scale insects, as well as from many other minute animal forms, some of which take up their winter quarters in some form or other in the crevices of the bark, or in the crotches of the trees. There is nothing which "pays" better than to have these trees washed in the winter with a compound of sulphur and whitewash, colored with anything which may be desirable, so as to make a shade agreeable to the eye. Many small twigs in a badly infested tree may be cut away, so as the better to cover with the mixture the parts which are left. In regard to pruning, many recommend to defer it to spring, in order to see what may be killed in the winter before cutting away much. Many trees are pruned which do not need any cutting; but where it is necessary, we should operate as soon as possible after the fall of the leaf. There is less danger of any part of the tree dying in the winter when it is pruned in autumn or early winter. This is particularly the case with the grape vine, unless the plant has been mildewed during the growing season, in which case the wood does not mature. There is no better way to save from winter killing than vigorous fall pruning. [Gardener's Monthly.

The Ludicrous in Patents.

The amount of misapplied talent engaged on inventions that can never be used is as wonderful as it is prolific, and there is a ludicrous element in many of the patents, and more of the applications, which is well worth investigation. We extract from the records of the Patent Office an account of some of these that show more genius than common sense, and have produced more laughter than profit.

In 1870 the owner of certain bee-hives irritated by the loss of his honey by the bee-moth, asked for a patent for a combined hen-roost and bee-hive. He had noticed that the bee-moth travels at night, while the busy bee works by day. His desire, therefore, was for a device that should admit the worker by day and keep out the thief by night. This his ingenuity effected by the erection of a hen-roost, pivoted upon a bee-hive, provided with gates. The bees were expected to be in their cells just before dusk; the hens, lighting on their roosts, were then to close the gates of the hive, and keep them shut all night. The early rising of the hens would automatically open the gates again, and return the bees—their honey all safe—to the airs of heaven and the flowers of earth. He received the patent.

Another applicant asked for a patent right for an artificial moon, that should light each town that used it without expense. His eye had often been struck by the reflection of distant windows at sunset, and how far light travelled. He therefore proposed a balloon for each town, sufficiently large to raise a huge reflector that was to be hoisted every evening at dusk (about the time the hens had shut in the bees.) The reflection of the sun's rays, cast downward upon the village, was sure to light it through all the darkness of the night. Fortunately for himself, this inventor presented his application through a patent attorney who told him it was doubtful if it could be obtained.

In the fall of 1872, a gentlemen, probably from California, applied for and received a patent for building houses on wheels or rollers, so that in case of earthquakes they might roll forward or backward and not be shaken to pieces.

Only three years have passed away since a very ingenious gentleman from the rural districts applied for a patent to prevent cows from switching their tails! He presented two models—one shaped like a bottle around the neck of which the cows tail was to be curled; the other consisted of a square block, with a hole through the centre, wherein the tail was to be put and tied in a knot, so that the animal could not withdraw. On the presentation of the application, the official examiner thought it could not be granted because of a similar device in "Don Quixote," where Sancho Panza, trying to sleep in the hay-lott, was kept awake by the braying of his donkey below. His wakefulness gave Sancho time to reflect, that when riding the donkey, the animal always switched his tail when he brayed. Descending hastily from the hay-lott, the squire tied a block to the donkey's tail to prevent him from braying. But as this device originated with a Spaniard, and had never been repeated in this country, the office decided to grant the patent. Our readers will, therefore, remember that they cannot tie a cow's tail to prevent its switching without a payment of royalty to the owner of this privilege.

Another gentleman applied for a patent for heating canals by steam, so that boating could go on in winter as well as in summer. The office decided that this invention was worthy of protection, and gave him his patent.

Another applied for a combination of clock and bed, so ingeniously contrived that, when the clock struck, the bottom of the bed dropped out. He claimed that this plan would probably awaken the sleepers.

Speaking of combinations, he must have come from Missouri or Kansas who asked for a patent for a combination of cannon and plow. For this purpose he filed three applications, making the elongated handles of the plow hollow, so as to form two cannon. These were to be kept loaded till the guerrillas were after him; the cannons were then to be fired, the guerrillas shot down, and the farmer go on his plowing way rejoicing.

And he, too, must have come from the borders, who asks for a patent of a combination of trunk and house. The trunk was made with triple sides moving up and down. Doing duty all day in guarding clothes, when night came on, and no cabin near, the goods were to be taken out, the triple walls elevated into one, and the benighted traveler safely housed.

Another asked for a patent for the invention of the generation of steam, by boring a hole into the ground till he reached the waters that are boiled by the eternal fires of earth. He set forth, among the advantages of his plan, that there would be no danger of explosions, no expense for fuel, no necessity of engineers, all of which statements are undoubtedly true.

It must have been a relative of this last gentleman, and one equally acquainted with the laws that govern the hidden heart of this planet, who applied for a patent for boring the earth for artesian wells for purposes of irrigation. He gravely set forth that he had made the discovery that quicksilver was heavier than common earth. He therefore proposed to start a hole, and to empty into it a little mercury. By the laws of nature that mercury would be sure to work its way downward till it struck water, and the water would then be sure to work its way upward till it struck air.

Should it be said that such patents as this last, as that for the prevention of cows switching their tails, for artificial moons, for plows doing the work of cannon, &c., must be jokes, we can only reply that shrewd Yankees are not wont to pay $35 even for practical jokes, and that none of these designs have culminated into patents under less than that sum, and when attorneys were employed, under double and quadruple that sum.

Are You Watching?

BY LILIAN FITSROY.

Are you watching for me, darling—
On the sands down by the sea,
Where the music of its surges
Wakes rare melody for me,
Do you hear the fisher's stories
As they glide far out the bay,
While you listen for my coming
At the purple close of day?

Are you watching in the moonlight
'Neath the silver gleam of stars
As the scarlet flush of evening
Softly fades to violet bars—
And the sky with all its splendor,
Looking down on you and me
Where the shadows kiss the waters
And the gold lies on the sea?

I can see your amber tresses
Faintly touched with magic light,
I can hear the songs you sing me
In that stilly summer night,
And the music comes like dreaming
Of that far off golden time
With its tender dream of sweetness
And its soft delicious chime.

List, the bells are o'er with chiming—
Out upon the evening air,
And the west is full of crimson
And the stars are more than fair.
Are you watching for me darling,
Soon my footsteps you will hear,
For the sands will sing my coming
And the sea will say I'm near?

Aunt Polly's Adventure.

Oh, my, but didn't the wind blow! When I went around the house that night, locking doors and windows before going to bed there was just a breath of a breeze flying about—nothing more; but by the time I had fairly plumped upon the pillow, the gale was going it mad. When I first came to this western country, I used to be surprised at the quite, unceremonious way storms had of coming upon people—half the time, it seemed to me, out of a clear, innocent looking sky.

In my old home I prided myself upon reading the signs of the sky; but here, goodness me, when I thought it would snow, it was sure to rain, and when I could have taken a solemn oath that the clouds were going to pour, why, whisk they'd go, and the sun would shine out as though it was in high glee at having fooled me. So I gave up being a weather prophet, and took it just as it came.

That night everything out of doors seemed to be in connotion. The loose shingles on the house clattered up and down, the windows shook, the blinds rattled, and half the time it seemed to me that the bed on which I lay would be blown through the side of the house. I know I'm a foolish old woman, but at the thought I couldn't help setting my ruffled nightcap straight, and smoothing back my hair, because if I should go, there was Deacon Albee's house opposite, and—but Lord bless me, what am I saying?

Well, naturally I was lonesome enough, without chick or child to speak to, but I did very well until somehow I got it into my head that burglars always choose such nights to do their mischief in. After that I started at every sound, and as there were thumps and clatters on all sides, and in every direction, it isn't to be supposed that I got much rest.

I didn't stop to reason that there was very little in my poor house to tempt evil doers. I know I had forty dollars and eighty cents laid away in poor departed Jason's old wooden chest and I felt that to lose that would be a terrible thing to me.

The house was a cottage, with a hall running the length of its two rooms—an "L" being built beyond. My room was at the back, opening into the hall and the front room adjoining. So my eyes went first from one door to the other, lingering, I must say, with more dread upon the one leading into the hall.

"If I should be robbed of that forty dollars and eighty cents," said I to myself. Just then a blind went whack, and spinging up in bed, I began to say the prayer my mother taught me—"Now I lay me down to sleep," though I'm sure it looked a good deal more as though I was sitting up to sleep than lying down.

"What an old fool you are, Polly Quimby!" I began to say, aloud, trying to get up my courage by the sound of my own voice. At that moment I was sure I heard a step in the little hall, and before I had time to move from my place, the door latch lifted, the door swung back, and there he stood, the very object that I had been dreading, Mr. Burglar himself.

"Good evening, ma'am," he said, in such a polite way, that I found myself in the motion of bowing back and saying good evening, too.

He was a middle-aged man, with moustache and whiskers, and he had the brightest eyes I ever saw in a person's head. The hair on the temples was quite gray. All in all, he looked like a respectable Christian gentleman, and not a midnight thief.

"Quite a windy evening, ma'am" he went on, as he stepped into the room. "You must be lonely here by yourself."

Somehow this touched my temper. I forgot who was speaking, and I answered back as tart as could be.

"I prefer to choose my company, sir!"

He laughed and shrugged up his shoulders.

"You do, indeed! So do I. In this case I have my preference—not you."

Then he sat down in my rocking chair, and stretched out his feet as though he intended to stop awhile.

"Will you be so kind, sir, as to go about your business? What do you think of yourself, sir, to be intruding upon the privacy of my room at this hour of the night, sir?"

He leaned his head back upon my bright worsted tidy, and laughed fit to kill himself.

"No harm is intended you, my charming woman," he said. "I swear it—no harm is intended you!"

And saying this, he laughed louder and longer than ever.

"Do you come into my house to make game of me before my eyes?" I asked, my temper pretty much stirred up. "If you were a gentleman sir—"

This was too much for him.

"A gentleman? Oh, aw—that's too good! If I professed to be a gentleman, you'd stand a good chance of getting your throat cut without so much as, by your leave, ma'am, to begin with. A gentleman? With all my faults, thank Heaven, that is not among them!"

"You needn't have gone on that way to prove it," I said tartly.

"Well, you are a sharp old damsel, arn't you?" turning his big nose upon me, and twisting up his mouth in a comical way, which I never shall forget. "I swear you'd be pretty good looking if you didn't wear such a wide ruffle on your night cap. Jolly, it's a lunker—big enough for a grave yard fence."

"Sir!" I said looking very savage.

"Ma'am!" he answered, imitating my voice and tone to perfection.

"Oh, if I only was out of this bed, sir," I began.

"And pray, madam, what is there to hinder you from getting out, I'd like to know?"

"Do you intend to insult me, you good for nothing creature?—Oh, if the wind would only blow you away."

"If one goes, the other is sure to go too," he, said stolidly.

"If brother Joe would only waken." I said.

He cocked his eye knowingly.

"You want to make me believe that he is in this house somewhere, eh? My dear madam, you are as transparent as air. Had he been under this roof, you would have screamed blue murder long before this time."

"Oh, oh, you varment!" I groaned in pure agony of spirit. "What do you want?"

"Well, ma'am, since that is a fair honest question, I will attempt to answer it. To begin with, my financial affairs are in a complicated condition, money, I have but little of—credit, none; so I am forced to levy a trifling tax upon my friends in this and other neighborhoods, to extricate me from my disastrous condition. As soon as I collect a certain amount I intend leaving this country for France or Italy, never, perhaps to return. Do not shed any tears at this dear madam; for whereever my tootsteps tend, your image—ruffled night cap and all—will remain forever imprinted upon my heart!

"You old goose!" I said.

"Please do not interrupt me madam: I have but a few moments longer to stay, and I must be to business at once. I have learned that you have deposited in a trunk in an adjoining closet forty dollars and eighty cents. The forty dollars I would like to borrow of you for an indefinite length of time. The eighty cents I do not care anything about. You can retain that as a trifling evidence of my generosity in this great emergency of my life.

"You are a robber, a thief, then!" I said, spitefully.

"Either, at your service, madam," rising and making a bow for all the world like a French dancing master. "Now, the money, if you please."

He wasn't joking now. There was a determined look in his eyes and about his mouth.

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," he said, speaking just like a preacher.

"And he that steals from the poor, what of him?"

"My Bible does not dispose of his case, especially, madam."

"And you came here to rob me—me, a poor woman?"

"I came to borrow of you for an uncertain length of time."

I saw it was useless to waste words with him, besides I didn't altogether like the look in his eyes. I closed my lips tightly together resolving that I would not speak again.

"If you've no objection, ma'am, I'll look around a bit," he said taking up the lamp as he spoke. "It I hear any noise from you, my dear, or if I see that you are in any way becoming nervous, I shall be obliged to keep you quite by the use of———"

He held up a small vial.

"Chloroform!" I gasped.

"At your service, madam."

"It would be the death of me," I moaned.

"I should be sorry to bring such a loss to the world, but, believe me, all that rests in your own hands. This door leads into the closet where the trunk is, I believe," he said, making straight for the closet where my forty dollars were put away for safe keeping.

I didn't say a word. To tell the truth, the chloroform had scared me nearly out of my wits. He turned the key in the door (I had always kept it locked,) and the trunk was at the further end of it. Let me say here that this closet or store room was in the "L" part of the house, fully a foot lower than my room. Mr. Burglar was not acquainted with this fact. Glancing toward me with his sharp eyes, to see if I was quiet, he took a step forward and went sprawling on all fours. I don't know to this day how he managed to save the lamp as he did, but it was not broken in the fall, and burned as brightly as ever. My wits came to me here. I sprang up as lightly as a cat out of bed, and before he could get upon his feet I had the door of the closet shut and locked upon him. He grew lamb-like in a moment.

"You've done it now, haven't you, my charming creature? I swear I'm in love with you from this hour to the end of time. You've got me tight and fast. Where's the use of money now? I'll take the eighty cents and you may have the forty dollars, if you will let me out."

"No, sir, I'm going to call the neighbors," I said resolutely.

"Going with that night cap on? You'll make your fortune. But don't hurry, that's a dear. Let's have a little friendly talk. Say, I'll give you a hundred dollars if you'll let me out."

"Yes, and leave you free to scare some other woman nearly to death—no, sir!"

"Well, then, I'll give you two hundred."

"No, sir."

"Name your price, then, dear girl. I suppose every woman has her price—they say every man has."

"No; it wouldn't be right," I said hesitatingly.

I heard him chuckle:

"First step toward it; she begins to talk of what is right."

I thought of my poor girl out to work by the week, and so anxious to get an education, and I'm sure it isn't to be wondered at if I did begin to think of setting a price. But I said not a word.

"Look here, I'll put five hundred dollars in good sound gold under the door, and you can count it as I push it through piece by piece, if you will only let me out of this cussed hole. I'm smothering."

"Try some chloroform," I whispered through the keyhole.

"Curse the chloroform! Will you let me out?"

I had a light by this time, and had slipped into a calico wrapper and my slippers.

"If I got the money, could I let him out of the closet?" I wondered. I shouldn't dare to meet him; he'd rob me again, and perhaps murder me. But I said, "I'll take the gold," resolved that I would try to get out of it somehow, just for the sake of poor Rebecca, who so much wanted to go to school.

"Your heart is in the right place," he said, and the next moment a big, round gold piece came through the wide crack under the door.

I couldn't withhold an exclamation of delight.

"It's right enough now, isn't it?" he sneered. "There's nothing like gilding over our sins a little. Bah! All the world is alike! Here goes another, and another. Count fast my precious damsel. I dare say there is no protessional in your church."

"Is there in yours?"

"Well, if there was, gold gets into that sometimes," they say. Hold fast there, you've got the last clinker, now set me free."

"Wait a minute."

"But I won't wait. I—I swear I won't."

"Can't you help yourself?"

"Well, no, not much, but I'm smothering in here. Can't you take pity on a poor fellow?"

"Set flat on the floor," I said.

I heard him plump down on the floor as obedient as a school boy.

"What next?"

I turned to the kitchen door to see if the lock was all right. Then I turned the key with a sharp click, which sounded to me like the report of a pistol.

"There!" I cried, and sprang into the kitchen, locking the door behind me.

He came out of his prison, swearing like a trooper.

"Shary old Satan, she's locked herself up somewhere," trying the kitchen door as he spoke. "Good night, Madam Devil. Good night! You've got the best of this. You have robbed me. Good night—get down and say your prayers."

And I did. What is more, cried like a baby over my money, thinking what it would bring to us.

I never saw the strange burglar again, and in a few weeks Rebecca was comfortably established at school. No one ever knew where the money came from. An uncle died about that time, and some of my neighbors shrewdly suspected that he had left us something; but I had nothing to say about the subject.

About six months after my adventure, brother Joe came to me one day, and said he had been stopped in the street by a strange man that morning, and that he begged him to say to Madame Quimby that the frill of her nightcap was just a little too wide. So saying, he passed on. "What did he mean?" Joe asked.

"Nothing, only that he was crazy," I answered quickly, but my face was as red as a blaze.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Herald.

Closing Scenes in the House.

WASHINGTON, March 4, 1873.

The Forty-second Congress has expired after a fitful struggle, and its transactions are now only a matter of history. Its last session has not been fruitful of great results to the country at large. A shrewd observer remarked that in the last session only two notable things were accomplished—first, the whitewashing of its exposed corruptionists, and, second, the increase of the pay of its members, putting a snug balance into the pocket of each to carry home with him. Be this as it may, it is to be hoped that the coming Congress will profit by the sins of omission and commission of the last. The House assembled early this morning, but had a comparatively uninteresting session; the galleries were almost deserted, as the outside attractions were of such a nature as to carry sightseers in that direction. Comparatively few of the members were absent. During the early part of the forenoon routine business of no earthly interest to spectators was transacted with the usual skirmishing among opposition members, who carried their fighting up to the last. Judge Poland, the hero of the Credit Mobilier investigation, appeared in a new blue coat to-day; it was made by a veteran tailor, one of the last survivors of 1812; his style of coat is Poland's strongest feature. Without a blue swallow-tail, festooned with gleaming brass buttons, he would cease to be Judge Poland. The venerable patriarch, who has engineered so many investigating committees in his Congressional lifetime, moved about this morning in an extra dignified manner, superinduced by his glossy new coat and a ruffled shirt bosom especially starched for the occasion. Sargent startled his intimates by appearing not in his usual shabby suit of gray, but in full black. However, he was not so thoroughly disguised as to be unrecognizable, for he hopped about in his usual undignified manner during the forenoon. Sargent retires from the House only for promotion to the Senate, where his Pacific Railroad schemes will have a better field. Maynard, the Narragansett Indian from Tennessee, who longs, however, hopelessly, to be the Speaker of the next House, was more ghost-like than ever to-day; his long hair floated wildly down his back as he walked about in his stealthy way, pointing before him his long bony finger, after the fashion of the witch in Macbeth, as he punctured his objections in mid air.

Sam Hooper, the block of pious respectability, walked about with his hands in his pockets, and did as much as he ever does above board. Merrick was grave, almost stern, to-day; he sat at his desk in a thoughtful attitude with his glasses pushed high upon his forehead. He has gone out with the Congress that expired at twelve o'clock to-day. As an able legislator and a pure man in politics his presence can ill be spared. He was sacrificed to that anti-Greeley tidal wave which carried off so many last fall. Samuel J. Randall was not, as usual, to-day at his desk five minutes at a time. He fidgeted about with his hands in his pockets, leering at everything that showed an objective point. His manner savored of aggressiveness, and, like a true soldier, he was vigilant to the last. Among one of the groups of members in earnest conversation to-day was William R. Roberts, of New York, who never voted for a corrupt scheme in his life, who in this session defeated the Goat Island bill and saved the Brooklyn Navy Yard. He was talking with Claggett, of Montana, who made that remarkable speech on Utah the other day. Throughout the hall little knots gathered here and there to have the little good-by talks incidental to the last day of the session. A visitor, in the neighborhood of ten o'clock, who was familiar with the Congressional faces and their histories, would have found much food for contemplation in looking over this band of Congressmen and noting the "ins" and "outs."

There was the jolly Peters, of Maine, who belongs to the latter category, because he refused re-election. Peters was one of the handsomest of the gray-haired men in the House, and of such a youthful temperament as to suggest the application of "Old Boy." Such men as he will be always missed when they depart from any circle. Eugene Hale, of the same State, one of the finest men in the House, was at his desk to-day, and took but little part in the incidents of the forenoon. He could be observed for a few minutes in conversation with the ponderous Admiral Goldsborough, who dropped into the House this forenoon. Hale is Senator Chandler's son-in-law, a favorite of Speaker Blaine, and a handsome, youthful-looking man to boot. With these advantages he combines the qualities of an able debater, a conscientious legislator and a hard worker—qualities calculated to make him a valuable addition to the next Congress. Dawes smirked his usual number of self-satisfied smiles to-day. He seemed to have made up his mind for a failure in the Massachusettes Senatorship. His prospects have been considerably clouded by the C. M. *expose*. Dickey and Haldeman, two as indifferent members as Pennsylvania ever sent to Washington, are among the outs. This will be nothing but gain to the coming Congress. Grandpa Shellabarger, was, as usual, by the side of Judge Hoar to-day. Both were exceedingly calm and cheerful, having no political troubles on their minds to harass them.

Ben Butler did not come in to-day until half past nine. He wore a dress suit and was quite respectable in appearance for a man whose paternity is disavowed both by gods and newspaper men. He said nothing to-day, being content with his past efforts in relation to the C. M. defence of Oakes Ames. The elephantine Hoax himself was absent, gone probably where the shovels dig, and, alas for incoming impecunious patriots! these marble halls where he trafficked in C. M.'s and M. C.'s will know him now no more. Holman, of Indiana, objected to the last. Beck, one of the democratic leaders, fortunately comes into the next Congress. The liberal reformer from Illinois did not come to-day until late. Farnsworth is one of the outgoing leaders. His grizzly bearded face, like an Eastern patriach, will rise up no more in opposition to everything in which he (Farnsworth) is not interested. This politician, under the guise of reform has always been on the crusade against nearly every bill that appropriated money, but he has been found with members who were after their little "rake." Thus in time he has lost the reputation of retormer and won only a reputation for inconsistency. He was one of the readiest debaters in the House and a perfect master of the art of filibustering. Many members will miss him with pleasure. Banks will be a real loss to the House. An easy, dignified gentleman, of rare ability, his absence will be more felt than that of any of the outgoing leaders. He was the finest speaker in the House. When his deep, ringing voice was heard in the hall—almost upon every question—silence and careful attention was sure to follow. He was surrounded all this forenoon by members, who shook hands with him in a sorrowing, pathetic way, as if they dreaded to lose him. The tall and dignified Kerr, of Indiana, one of the ablest men on the democratic side, is a great loss to the opposition. He was one of the most honest of Representatives, and during his Congressional career has done incalculable service to his party and to his country. His powerful clarion voice rang out probably for the last time to-day in the Congressional hall. His ready knowledge of the law and his skill as a debater made him naturally a leader, though he was not very sociable in his disposition. The silvery voice of Dan Voorhees has been heard, perhaps, also for the last time in the House. He, too, has gone down with the Greeley ship. The other day, when defending Brooks, he made beautiful allusions to "these halls which I am about to leave forever;" but for all that it is not impossible that the eloquent, long-haired Hoosier statesman may turn up here some years hence when he has outlived the disastrous effects of the last tidal wave.

Sam Cox appeared to-day in black, banishing for once his schoolboy roundabout, and appearing dressed like a Congressman. Poor Cox! When one thinks of him the mind instantly calls up "Box and Cox;" so full of humor and thrusts is this little man. He probably feels his departure from Congress more deeply than any of the outgoing members, as he never was more happy than when in the full sunshine of a Congressional sitting. He lightened many a dull, prosy debate by his rattling humor, which was always a godsend to the House, where solemnity of solid wisdom is often bandied to and fro in debate until the depression occasioned sometimes threatens serious effects. Sam, like the light wine to a heavy dinner, will be missed when not on the House bill of fare. Mercutio, as he is called by his colleagues, has served in Congress fourteen years, and he will be, like Macgregor, away from his native heath when banished to private life.

Bingham, the historical impeacher, leaves also the scene of his triumphs. He grew more and more bitter as his term was drawing to a close, and, with the Credit Mobilier trouble to sour his disposition, he has not been an over-agreeable companion of late. His gray hair has, during the last few days, grown more and more obstinate in its perverse bristling. To-day Bingham looked gloomy, not at all like the Bingham of old days, but a tart old man. He is promised something, they say, in the way of a foreign appointment to compensate him on his retirement from active political life. China is mentioned as the place where he is to be shelved. His many friends came up to him to-day as he lay back in his favorite position, gazing at the skylights, to bid him goodby.

The last half hour of the session was full of interest. Garfield the only C. M. member who has not yet recovered his equanimity, rose to a personal explanation. He promised a future statement, which he had not been able to bring before the Poland Committee, and once more asserted that his version of the affair was true and that he had related it to an intimate friend three years ago. Poland arose and said, in his graceful dignified way, that the committee desired to do injustice to no one, and with this ended the C. M. discussion for the Forty-second Congress.

One of the last scenes of the forenoon was a tilt between Acker, a democrat, of Pennsylvania, and Rainey, the colored member from South Carolina. Acker explained why he had been the solitary dissenting voice to the vote of thanks given to the Speaker the previous session. He then, in a rambling strain, reproached the Speaker with having one day kept him from the floor when he wanted to present the Amnesty bill. Speaker Blaine listened in a good natured way, never noticing Acker any more than if he had been talking about some indifferent topic, when Rainey, probably instructed by the republican members, took the floor and made a speech full of bitterness and complaint about the wrongs of his race, which attracted quite a large crowd around him.

"Talk about your Amnesty bill for rebels," said he, "and what about the Civil Rights bills?"

Acker attempted to reply, but his own side, to their credit, prevented him. Acker is a man who leaves Congress for the good of the democratic side. This wrangle between a darkey and an insignificant democrat was a fitting end of a Congress which has so many sins to answer for.

At ten minutes to twelve Speaker Blaine made a very graceful speech, amid the most profound silence and attention. He made feeling allusions to his past happy relations with the members, remarking, with a just pride, that not one of his rulings had been reversed. The members appeared deeply touched, and it was evident that they looked with something like affection upon the man who had presided over them in the most trying emergencies with so much ability, firmness and impartiality. Several of them remarked that, as a presiding officer, Blaine has not been surpassed by any former Speaker, and that since the days of Banks he has not been equalled. At five minutes to twelve down came the gavel for the last time, and the Speaker, amid solemn silence, adjourned the forty-second Congress without day. The members then formed a procession, headed by Speaker Blaine, and went over to the Senate.

A NEW ENGLAND SHIPBUILDER. The Newburyport Herald of a recent date had the following interesting facts concerning a man of Maine origin and a life-long shipbuilder:

The late James Merrill, recently deceased in this city, commenced shipbuilding at Robbinston, Me., with John N. M. Brewer the eminent Maine builder, Sept. 1st. 1835. We annex a list of the vessels which they built at that place, together with the vessels built by him in this city. 1836, schooner Challenge, 196 tons; brig Aztec, 199 tons; 1837, barque Everton, 233 tons; 1838, brig Gov. Francis, 96 tons; 1840, ship Woodside, 638 tons; 1841, ship Lucy Wright, 520 tons; ship Metopa, 775 tons; brig Rebecca, 196 tons; 1843, barque Stephen Brewer, 250 tons; 1845, brig Browne, 214 tons; barque Azein, 250 tons; brig Arve, 149 tons; 1848, ship Brewer, 606 tons; brig Orthodox, 200 tons; 1849, ship Mary Maurice, 423 tons; barque Little Lizzie, 240 tons; brig Teazer 200 tons; 1856, in this city, barque Orlando, 280 tons; 1858, barque Champion, 391 tons; barque Heroine, 416 tons; 1862 barque Amazonian, 480 tons; 1855, ship Elsinore, 700 tons. Total, 8,563 tons.

The brig Teazer had its name from a curious little incident. A young lady of his acquaintance was talking with Mr. Brewer while the brig was building, and she asked him to name the vessel for her; she teazed him several times to do this and at last he told her would, and he named the brig, Teazer, for this young lady. The barque Orlando was named for Orlando Merrill the inventor of ship models, and uncle of James Merrill. Orlando Merrill received the credit of his invention at a meeting of the New York Historical Society, held at its rooms June 7, 1853.

Dr. N. B. Shurtleff, ex-Mayor of Boston, was, in the early part of his life a printer. Far from ignoring his old profession he still retains an unusual affection and enthusiasm for it, and manifests a lively interest in all that pertains to it. He is a constant visitor to his favorite printing offices, and never fails to recognize all who have ever been associated with him in the business, of which he retains his happiest recollections. One who had been a boy in the office where the Doctor had charge of the printing of the "Old Colony Records," met him some years afterwards and said: "I suppose you do not know me, sir," addressing the Doctor. "God bless you, my old friend," said he, "how do you do? Know you," he continued, "I never forget the face of an old friend in the craft." Of such stuff is the ex-Mayor of Boston made.

Troubles are like babies, that only grow larger by nursing.

Written for the Journal.

Register Studies. No. 5.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE?

Firstly—Regulate the money system in families, so that every wife shall know just how much she can afford to hire done, and just how much she must do herself. If the husband's means will permit a *cordon bleu*, let the wife know it, so she needn't burn her hands and spoil her temper, striving to concoct wonderful dishes for her husband and friends. If he can't afford that, but can afford one green girl, tell her that, and bring the entire domestic economy down to that standard. Only don't try to live in a brown stone front, and keep open house, with a single servant; for it can't be done, without making a mere domestic drudge of the wife and mother, and even then not successfully. Here comes in the wretched uphill business of American housekeeping. We strive, after a fashion, to keep step with our richer neighbors, who have an income of as many thousands as we have hundreds, and set up a style of living, with one servant, that in Europe no sane person would attempt with less than three. With all due respect to Yankee skill and ingenuity, ten dollars can by no possibility, be made to go as far as a hundred ought to; and so its a miserable failure all the way through, just for the want of a little common sense.

Because kings and queens in the old world, or upstart kings and queens in the new world, dine comfortably off seventeen courses every day, is no reason why we should make gourmands of ourselves and bring financial ruin upon our families.

Secondly—Women are better economists than men, and know how to make a thousand dollars go a great deal farther than men can. Witness the old carpets darned and turned as long as darning and turning are possible; then they are covered with a spick and span new drugget, that seems to give you a similing welcome every time you step your foot upon the warm fabric. Look at the thousands and one make-shifts in dressing herself and family; the husbands old coats ripped up and made into jackets for the boys; her own old dresses turned and twisted into suits for the girls; and so on ad infinitum.

Thirdly—Women should be treated as something better than mere dolls in money matters, and household drudges in domestic affairs. In every other department of business except housekeeping, the junior member of the firm, has some fixed share of the proceeds, however small, to have and to hold, and spend as he pleases, and no questions asked. But in the great partnership for life, American women have absolutely no share in the business profits of the firm. 'Tis true the husband maintains his wife' (the town maintains its paupers) and intends in the kindness of his heart that her every want shall be gratified. This is all very well, so far as it goes. The only trouble is, it don't go far. For that man was never created who could jud

Glimpses at the South.

Correspondence of the Journal.

SILVER SPRING, Florida, Feb. 17, 1873.

There is no hotel at this place; no house that lays claim to the appellation of a boarding house. There are but two white families within five miles; Mr. Westervelt, agent and storehouse keeper for the steamers plying on the Ocklawaha, and Mrs. Wilson, who occasionally provides board and lodging for wayfarers like myself who find in Silver Spring and its surroundings enough of natural beauty to induce them to linger here for a while. The pine woods all around are tenanted by colored people, who have taken up homesteads under the state laws, erected their cabins, and are earning a living, such as it is, by cultivating more or less land, hunting, fishing &c. Some of them appear to be getting along very comfortably; cultivating as many acres as small farmers at the north do, fencing their cultivated ground, and exhibiting a good degree of thrift; while others of them are as thriftless and almost as low in the scale of being as their white brothers, the "crackers." My travelling companion finds agreeable occupation in prowling through the forest and fathoming the stream, as well as the mysteries of coon and 'possum hunting under the tuition of Bob, the ubiquitous. Bob tells me that just before the war he was sold for ten hundred dollars; in my judgement the man who should pay ten cents for him now would be the worst sold of the two; yet he is twenty years old, able to do a good day's work. The trouble with Bob is that he is like the man who preferred digging potatoes to any other kind of labor, but had rather die than do that.

The attraction for me is the Spring and the delightful air I am inhaling laden with the perfume of flowers. The Spring is the fountain head of Silver Spring Run; it is called the Run, but it is in fact a river wider and deeper than the Ocklawaha is above it. It is about nine miles from the Spring to the point where the Run empties into the river last named. It has a strong current; its average width is about one hundred feet; its average depth about twenty. For the whole distance the bottom of it is plainly visible; its waters are clear until they mingle with the muddy waters of the Ocklawaha.

The Spring, which constitutes the source of this Run, or river, is in the form of an oval basin, about one hundred and fifty yards in length and about one hundred feet in width. The water boils up from an opening in a ledge of limerock about fifteen feet in length, and is nearly forty feet deep; the boil is constant and regular. The water is so clear that fragments of shells at the bottom are plainly visible, although not larger than a penny. The refraction of the sun's rays falling upon it give to the objects lying on it the hues of the rainbow; the limerock though the aperture in which the boil rises has a bluish green tinge at all times.

The temperature of the water is about 73 degrees, Fah. We arrived on the boat early in the morning, and upon trial with the thermometer found that while the temperature of the atmosphere was thirty-six that of the spring was seventy-three; bathing in it produced a very agreeable sensation, as you can readily imagine; the coming out of it into the open air was not so agreeable. The water when taken from this spring tastes like weak lime-water; if left in a vessel over night it is found to be divested of the lime-water taste and is colder than the water drawn from wells in its vicinity.

I am not aware that any claim has ever been put in for this spring on the score of its mineral or remedial properties; if there was a large hotel near it, I have no doubt that an analysis of its water would disclose that it was an untailing remedy for a host of diseases! But I feel quite sure that the mind exhausted by intellectual labor, the heart sick of the turmoil of busy life, would be relieved of their burthens while gazing down into its depths, watching the fish of various kinds that are listlessly floating around, twenty, thirty feet below its surface, too indifferent to all that is going on around, below or above them, too etherial in their tastes, or too indolent to bite at the most tempting bait. As I, listless and indolent as they appeared to be, sat and looked at them, I could not but think of Cowper's Jackdaw on the steeple. Should I ever become so wearied of the bustle of life as to turn hermit, my hermitage will be located near Silver Spring.

Observations made by a scientific gentleman at a point about a mile below the basin showed that the quantity of water yielded by the spring in twenty-four hours was about three hundred million gallons; equal, as he remarks, to twenty times the amount consumed daily by the city of New York.

During my visit here I have been to Ocala, five miles distant, the shiretown of Marion county. Marion county was the principal field of military operations in the Seminole war in which Osceola was the most prominent figure. A few miles east of the village are the remains of Fort King, one of our military posts.

Ocala is situate on the ridge of land that divides the waters flowing into the Atlantic from those that flow into the Gulf. It contains about four hundred inhabitants. Stages run thence to Gainsville, forty-five miles, on the Florida Railroad, and to Tampa, one hundred and twenty-five miles. The contemplated railroad from Live Oak, I think it is, to some point on the seashore in the southern portion of the State, will pass through Ocala. It contains a large quantity of soil admirable adapted to the cultivation of cotton, sugar cane and fruits. Prior to the war it was in a thriving condition. I noticed numerous indications of refinement and good taste in the construction of private dwellings and the arrangement of their surroundings; but the results consequent on war are too plainly visible. Even now, the village of Ocala seen by moonlight is beautiful; all that is needed to make it so by daylight, and to develop the rich resources of the county of which it is the commanding point, is capital. I became acquainted while there with quite a number of its inhabitants, intelligent, educated gentlemen; they unite in a cordial invitation to northern men to come there and cast their lot with them. I have no doubt that all such will be heartily welcomed, and no questions asked.

I found there consumptive invalids from other sections of the Union, who unite in the opinion that the air of Ocala is peculiarly beneficial to them. The only fault I have to find with it is that it is too dry for my lungs. If I could mingle with it a sprinkle of our salt sea breeze, it would be just the thing for a winter's sojourn. I am not yet prepared to give up New England's summer.

On my return to the Spring, while taking a final stroll through the warehouse at the landing, my eye fell on a solitary bale or bundle of hay. It looked so much like home that I could hardly refrain from embracing it; the Doctor says that I actually did when I read the brand on it, "C. J. Roberts, Waldo, Me." It seemed a little queer that that bale and I should meet in this out-of-the-way place, eighteen hundred miles from the place of our nativity. Before I left, it had gone the way of all grass, as you and I must, soon or late, go the way of all flesh.

To-morrow morning I start, on my way down river, for Palatka; leaving behind me the peach and plum blossoms, the wild rose and jessamine, the fields sprinkled with violets, the prospective chills and fever, and the mosquitoes who have "no music in their souls," but bite like bloodhounds. From Palatka I shall take a new departure for the upper St. John.

W. G. C.

Letter From Central New York.

Correspondence of the Journal.

SYRACUSE, March 3.

MY DEAR JOURNAL: It is so long since I have communicated with you, that a letter might well enough be considered from a stranger, instead of from an old correspondent. But we have discovered here no new Cardiff Giant, and there were pens enough without mine to engage in the late Presidential conflict. We have the result of that in the inauguration of Grant to-morrow, and the sequences we have no reason to expect will be different from those of the years previous under the rule of the dominant party. What has been the history of the country since the advent of this party, it needs not to dwell upon. A civil war was its inauguration, and a continuous series of plunderings upon the public treasury, and encroachments upon the public liberties—culminating in Credit Mobilierism and such a state of anarchy as exists in Louisiana—have marked its course ever since with undeviating uniformity. As a matter of novelty merely, it would be pleasant to relieve the tedium of this rascality by a restoration for a time of the old Democratic honesty and economy; but if the people choose to be fleeced in the modern style, it is a sort of compensatory knowledge that they are made to pay well for their predilections.

The Legislature of this State is in the full tide of operation. As usual, New York city is the chief bone for that body to gnaw upon and growl over. The city has the mortal sin of being Democratic to an overwhelming degree, and therefore is of course beyond the pale of legislative mercy and justice; it is wealthy likewise, and therefore is a rich placer to excavate, until perhaps they reach the "bed rock." With their Mobilier experiences, it needs but opportunity for them to achieve this profundity. The occasion that now presents itself is the formation of a new charter for the city, and this the majority have manipulated so as to confer all the offices possible in the city upon Republicans, and to secure as far as possible the perpetuation in their own hands. Achieving power by the profession of reform, they have perfected a charter which all the real reformers in the city affirm is as bad in all respects as Tweed's famous charter. They openly avow that the measure is a partisan one—that they are entitled to the "spoils of victory," and therefore of course that the real interests of that community of a million of people are of minor importance. Yet notwithstanding this, you will see the Republican papers holding up Tweed and Tammany as a raw-head-and-bloody-bones still instinct with ghastly life, and ready to devour the innocent people. They constantly ignore the simple facts of history, that Tweed's charter was passed by Republican votes in the Legislature; that Tweed and his gang were routed from power by Democratic votes and influence; and that at this moment there is as there was in the late Presidential election, an alliance between the Tammany thieves and the "Custom-house ring" of republicans—the simon pure Administrationists—under the lead of Tom Murphy, Grant's favorite Collector of Customs, to whom he gave a published certificate of character when compelled by public opinion to kick him out of office. The present charter is the work of these genuine Republicans and their yet unconvicted Tweed allies.

We have also in session a Constitutional Commission, of a non-partisan character, engaged in a complete revision of the Constitution of the State. Its work so far as revealed promise some very effective and much needed reforms. The most important perhaps is the limitation of the Legislature to general laws, and the enlargement of the powers of the boards of supervisors in many matters now within the province of the Legislature—an extension of municipal freedom which must tend to the purification of the Legislature, and a more effective administration of needful matters more directly by the people. Some officers now elective, will be appointed; the term of the Governor will be extended to three years, the number of legislators increased, etc. The canal question has been one of great interest. By the present constitution, these are placed beyond the power of the Legislature to alienate; but for some years past the lateral canals have not only failed to pay their expenses, but have eaten up the surplus revenues from the Erie and others of the main canals. The new constitution will authorize the disposal or disuse of these lateral canals, and provide for the retention only of the Erie and two or three others. The experiments of navigation of the canals by steam, made last season, were not so successful as to meet the requirements in the offered reward of $100,000, and so the reward is not made, but it is demonstrated that the scheme is practicable, and will no doubt ere long be accomplished. For the present the canals are likely to be improved by dredging out the accumulations of some years, and be thus rendered more available for large boats.

We are in the midst of our town elections, and they are everywhere carried on with much spirit. They exhibit a general advance on the Democratic side.

The winter has been undoubtedly severe in this section, as seems to be the case everywhere else. We have had more than double the quanty of snow than in any year since 1856; it has laid well on the ground, and our farmers draw encouragement from the fact. All our agricultural interests appear to be preparing for an active year: the dairy, wheat, tobacco, hops, fruit, interests of a special note, being all prosperous and promising. Lime and plaster, with salt, are perhaps the most prominent of our local interests, and the extension of railroads from this section is rapidly widening the markets and demand for these products.

Yours, ONANDAGA.

A School-Girl Shot by a Young Man.

SALISBURY, Md., March 9.

The funeral of Miss Spockley, the victim of the murder of Friday last, took place this morning. About a thousand people attended.

The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of death at the hands of Geo. W. Hall. The evidence shows that the deceased left school accompanied by four small children. About 100 yards from the school Hall met her and after some conversation about a letter, he asked one of the children if Miss Spockley's brother Elijah, a youth of 16, was at school. Receiving a negative reply, he then turned to Miss Spockley and said he was going to shoot her. She replied, "pshaw, George Hall, you can't frighten me." Hall then directed a little girl standing beside Miss Spockley to get out of the way, and deliberately raised his gun and fired. The load took effect just under the shoulder-blade, and entered the heart, when the girl exclaimed "Oh Lord," and fell.

Isaac E. Adams, the school-master, on being notified of the murder, hastened to the scene and found the girl lying in the middle of the road in the agony of death. She died in a few minutes. $200 reward has been offered for the arrest of Hall. A man answering his description threw himself under the train at King's Station, on Saturday night. Parties have started to view the body.

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The Great Congressional Steal.

"Rob me the exchequer," is the exclamation of Falstaff, on learning that his companion had the opportunity. And "rob the treasury," is the exclamation of Ben. Butler to those who have the power to do so with impunity. Vagabondism runs marvellously in the same ruts in all time. While the stench of the Credit Mobilier steal is filling the capital, and the people are filled with disgust, this new offence comes upon them. And comes too, in its worst form; for the impression which at first prevailed that the increase of salaries did not apply to the expiring Congress proves to have been fallacious. By the law as it passed all members can draw $5000 each from the treasury in addition to the regular $10,000 each for the term.

It is an outrageous and disgraceful fraud, which ought to condemn forever every member who aided in passing it. If there was a chance for doubt in regard to the bribery of the Credit Mobilier, there is none in this case. It is open and palpable, and the bribed men might have been seen pocketing without concealment their bribes before leaving the capital. The only redeeming feature seems to have been contributed by Speaker Blaine, who insisted upon the amendment that the increase should apply to the Speaker hereafter only, and carried his point.

The forty-second Congress has gone out of existence, but the disgraceful swindle by which its last hours were marked will never be forgotten or forgiven by an indignant people.

Signs of the Coming.

The hand of New Hampshire traces the writing on the wall. It says to the Credit Mobilier swindlers, to the Congressional salary scamps, and to the republican party generally, that they have pushed their tactics too far. The reaction has set in. New Hampshire now, and Connecticut next month, will point the index fingers to fate.

The despatch of Wednesday morning, which we print to-day, from a republican source, is as full of doubts as Old Probability himself; but its real import is plain enough. The three Democratic members of Congress, Hibbard, Bell and Parker are re-elected. There may be no choice of Governor, but we feel reasonably sure that Weston has a small majority. Last year Straw's majority was 2167, and Grant's 5745. Figuring from that basis, it is improbable that a republican majority has been secured in both branches of the Legislature.

Judge Kent's Successor.

Judge Kent will soon retire from the bench of the Supreme Court of this state, and upon Gov. Perham will devolve the duty of appointing his successor. The papers are already naming the prominent candidates. It would be a graceful and delicate compliment to a body of able gentlemen, if the Governor should see fit to name for the position one of the many eminent democratic lawyers of the state. Without any disparagement of others composing that class, we might name Hon. E. F. Pillsbury, of Augusta, as peculiarly fitted by high character, legal abilities and location, to fill the position. We notice that Governor Washburn has just appointed to the Supreme bench of Massachusetts Judge Endicott, a well known democrat of that state, and is warmly commended therefor by a paper so thoroughly partizan as the Boston Daily Advertiser. It will be fortunate for all the states if the policy comes to be established once more that high character and legal acquirements rather than party opinion, shall determine judicial appointments.

It is a matter for regret with those who wish to stay the present tide of murder, that Gov. Dix should have reprieved Foster, the car-hook murderer. The principal reason given seems to be that the widow of the murdered man petitioned for reprieve and commutation. Fear is now expressed that Foster will be sent to prison instead of meeting the just penalty of his crime.

The seething cauldron of Louisiana politics boiled over last week in the shape of a revolt against the present State government. A police station was fired upon by the insurgents, which was repelled by Gen. Badger with cannister from artillery, and the street cleared. The President telegraphed Gen. Emery to use his forces to prevent any interference with the State government, which of course settled the question. About six men were killed in the conflict.

—Mr. Allen, of the famous Literary Companion, at Augusta, announces that he cannot furnish the premium pictures promised to subscribers. A good many persons familiar with the business thought he was promising too much.

—The blocking up of all ways of travel by the late terrible storms, delayed the letters of our correspondents until in many cases their usefulness was past. This will account for the non-appearance of many communications. We hope, however, that the season of tribulation is now over.

—The young men attending Mr. Hanson's school, in Waterville, recently attacked the woodpile of a lone widow, and sawed it all before her astonished eyes.

The Blarney of Barney.

We copy in full, in this paper, the foreshadowed manifesto of the Collector of Belfast. And we do so for two reasons: first, because we are willing that every one with whom we have a difference shall state his case in his own way; and second, for the reason that the Collector, in this communication, has justified all we said of him. The only complaint we make is that he has broken faith with us; and after promising a column and a half, has cut down the amount by two thirds. So if in our hunt after him we do not bag as much game as was expected, it will be understood that the shooting ground has been circumscribed unfairly.

The whole scope, meaning and interpretation of Mr. Roberts' letter is simply that the people of Belfast do not know what is best for them, and that he does. The two hundred and fifty leading citizens and business men of Belfast who asked that the bridge might be restricted to certain limits, as feasible as any other, are held by him to be mere ignoramuses, while with him dwells all experience, perception, knowledge and wisdom. So that in importing Barnabus the Collector, we have received the surplusage of Barnabus the Sage, Barnabus the Philanthropist and Barnabus the Preserver. We are to be saved from the consequence of our own folly and ignorance, by this self-sacrificing interposition. Belfast is under guardianship—that's what it means, if it means anything. We are to be pitied and preserved.

It will be seen that Mr. Roberts denies that the opinion he gave at Augusta in favor of bridging the harbor, was given as Collector. That is only one of a series of cases in which the collector claims that his official identity is lost or suspended. The law requires that he shall reside in Belfast, in order to properly discharge his duties; he claims that he lives in Stockton, not "as Collector," but as a private individual. The law forbids that he shall engage in trade, because of the impropriety of the same individual who sells foreign goods also collecting duty on their importation; therefore when he is seen daily trafficking in such goods behind his counter at Stockton, he does so not as collector, but as one of the firm of Roberts & Hichborn. These examples are contagious. If the collector doubly violates the law, his subordinates can scarcely be expected to observe it. So we find the name of Mr. Thorndike, one of his under officials, conspicuously displayed over his door on Main street as a dealer in imported wares; and in order to keep up with his official superior, he becomes partner in another like establishment at Bath. If the law is wise in removing the temptation from custom house officials to illegally import goods, by forbidding them to sell goods, then are these officials, to say the least, under most serious allurements to become smugglers, with scarcely a chance of detection. When in these days of proclaimed civil service reform, the Collector of Belfast not only permits these violations of law, but sets high examples of the kind, it is not strange that his perceptions become obtuse. It is not strange that the gross indecency of his position in lobbying for the obstruction of the harbor that is in his charge, is not to him apparent. But he may be assured that there are those who thoroughly appreciate the slippery ground on which he stands, and that the contemplated railroad bridge may prove to be for him a veritable Bridge of Sighs.

The talk about benefitting Belfast by connecting the city with "the great network of railroads" is too cheap for consideration. That net-work will catch only very small fish. All that Belfast is and all Belfast expects to be, must be attributed to her fine harbor, and the firm of Roberts & Hichborn may write themselves blind before anybody here, save their dependents and tools, can be made to assent to the proposition that the city is to be benefitted by closing up the harbor.

But it will be observed that Mr. Roberts claims to have been magnanimous toward Belfast. He has opened that wonderfully sympathetic heart of his, and loosened his purse strings by a subscription to the stock of the shoe-factory, in amount, as we learn, one hundred dollars! What a sublime contemplation for the admirers of virtue and liberality. How the mind of the reader runs over the list of humanity's benefactors, from Peabody back to the rich man that gave all to the poor and followed the great Teacher. It is said that "there is nothing like leather" for almost any purpose. But who ever before knew it to be applied to measure the greatness of soul of him who in a newspaper challenges public admiration for having made a secure investment of one sixtieth of his four years' salary in the city where his duty lies! Pitying our depressed condition and the burden of taxation, he cautiously invests a hundred dollars in an exempted manufacturing corporation, and then hastening as a lobbyist to Augusta, labors to seal our harbor against all business. Pollok happily describes just such a cheertul giver—

"With one hand he put
A penny in the urn of poverty,
And with the other took a shilling out."

If this individual had boasted in the newspapers of his penny, he would have stood about where the Collector does.

Mr. Roberts concludes with a paragraph so remarkable, that we shall print it twice in this issue. It is as follows—

Whether the slurring of a neighboring town or the "slaughter of the innocents" in said town is manly journalism, or even wit, the intelligent readers of the Republican Journal must judge.

Louis the Magnificent, of France, used to say "I am the state." When we inquire into the conduct of the Collector of Belfast, who unlawfully resides in "a neighboring town," it seems that he is so much that town, that we are accused of slurring it. Then there is a slaughter of innocents. This usually refers to the massacre of infants, ordered by Herod, to compass the death of the Savior. Of course in the simile we are Herod—that's plain enough; and from the persistence with which the Collector labors to set the people of Belfast right, it must be that he considers himself the Savior of the city. The slaughtered innocent can't be anybody but Mr. Hichborn, the President of the road. Whether we are correct in thus explaining the allegory, "the intelligent readers of the Republican Journal must judge."

In conclusion, let us say to the Collector that we hope to hear from him early and often on this subject. It is only error that fears discussion. Truth is strengthened by it. And whenever he shall feel like buckling on his armor again, he shall cheerfully have our best efforts in the matter.

—Bangor school girls dissipate on ether, the Commercial says. What next?

Letter from Mr. Hichborn.

MR. EDITOR: I rarely notice what is said of me in the newspapers, feeling that in nine cases in ten men in any way connected with public matters suffer more by bandying and denying than by silently bearing. So of any enterprise with which I am connected. And I am only induced to say a word on the question of bridging Belfast harbor by the Bay and River Railroad, simply from an evident misunderstanding; whether a necessary misunderstanding I am unable to say.

In the first place the railroad was surveyed and mapped across the harbor of Belfast at the foot of Main street, and nowhere else. Nor was it ever contemplated by any member of the Bay and River company to bridge the harbor lower down, but always feeling that it might be found best to go higher up. At the time of the survey the engineer, not the directors, fixed the place of crossing, saying that he found it the shortest and most convenient place, at the foot of Main street; and the place, too, where the citizens of Belfast would prefer to have it cross, as many of them had formerly petitioned to have a bridge for ordinary travel built across the harbor in the same place.

Should the road ever reach Belfast, all the circumstances will be taken into the account, and certainly none more so than the business interests of the city. Self interest would certainly indicate this, if no higher motive is to control. Would it not, then, be wiser to seek a better understanding of motives and intentions, and if possible have the city meet the road, and road meet the city, in the spirit of confidence and concession; securing thereby (I repeat, in the event of building the road) mutual satisfaction and mutual advantages?

After a careful study of the business interests of our portion of the State, I am fully convinced that the business of the entire shore section, from Calais to Portland, requires the building of the Bay & River road. To accomplish it will require yet further effort and further sacrifice, on the part of the few, if not of the many. And a blind imputation of motives or bandying hard words of men or of towns, can serve no possible good, and only render more onerous the labor of those seeking a public good.

N. G. HICHBORN.

Stockton, March 7.

We give the letter of the President of the road in full. Now let us see where the "blind imputation" belongs. It will be noticed with how much distinctness and positiveness Mr. Hichborn locates the bridge at the foot of Main street, saying that it was there fixed by "the engineer, not the directors." But we find on reference to the engineer's survey filed with the Clerk of the Courts, as required by law, that the engineer and the President of the road do not agree as to the location. In his report of the survey of the Bay & River Road thus filed, Capt. Buckland says—

We cross Little River just above the present travel bridge, thence in a direct line to the Tilden place, and curving to the left, follow along the shore of the bay to the wharves in the city of Belfast, where we connect with the survey of the Belfast and Moosehead Lake R. R. Curving along the wharves the line crosses the Passagassawakeag, or upper part of the harbor, *from Simpson's wharf in a direct line to the northern shore.*

Thus would cut off every wharf in the city at which freight is landed, save that of the Sanford steamers. It is more than an eighth of a mile below the foot of Main street, which is at Haraden's wharf. Perhaps Mr. Hichborn, "in the spirit of confidence and concession," can explain this wide difference. Either the President or the engineer is ignorant of the location of that bridge. There might be a mantle of charity or of doubt broad enough to cover the former, but for the fatal admission that "the engineer, not the directors, fixed the place of crossing." And in the face of this contradiction and cross-purposes, Mr. Hichborn thinks the people of Belfast are unnecessarily suspicious and alarmed about their harbor! "Would it not, then, be wiser to seek a better understanding of motives and intentions?" asks our correspondent. To this conundrum we return an unhesitating answer, in the words of Artemus Ward, "It wood."

Allusion is made to a desire of certain citizens to bridge the river at one time. That intention died an early and sudden death. A half-crazy dweller on the eastern side started the project, procured many signers, mostly non-residents, and went before the Legislative committee. He was met by a delegation of our people, and in a very short time had leave to withdraw. Such was the history of that scheme, differing from the present one mainly in the fact that Mr. Hichborn's predecessor knew where he wanted to cross.

From the Progressive Age.

Bay and River Railroad.

Mr. Editor: The editor of the Republican Journal has seen fit to allude to the "Collector" of Belfast in reference to his action at Augusta, on the "Bridge" question of the Bay & River Road. It is true that at the urgent request of the President of the road, who, from sickness, was not able to attend to it himself, at a late day I did go to Augusta to do what little I could to save interests regarded as vital to the charter of the road. If there was anything gained at last by being known as Collector, the zealous representative from Belfast is responsible therefor, as he saw fit to call the attention of the House to myself as Collector. It is not true that I gave my opinion as Collector. The bridge issue is "in a nut shell." In case of its construction as at present located there will be some inconvenience to vessels in passing through a draw. There *may* be a tendency of such bridge to hold floating ice, and sooner close the harbor in extremely cold winters. But I think as a rule the harbor oftener freezes below this point than above it, on account of the fresh water coming from Goose river. That the bridge will ruin or destroy the harbor as alleged is absurd. The damage to wharf-owners, if any, will be more than compensated for by the increasing business and value of those wharves, which the road will bring. If this view is incorrect, the law is ample in its provisions to protect those property owners, by application for damage to the County Commissioners, and farther the President and Directors of the road, if they shall be fortunate enough to effect a contract for its construction, will be more than willing to meet wharf-owners and the city of Belfast in the spirit of compromise, to bridge the harbor at such point as will best convene the interests of the city and save the road, and this without any compulsory act of the legislature. Why should they not do so, and why should not Belfast meet the corporation in the same friendly spirit? Are not their interests mutual? The question for Belfast to consider is, whether its population shall remain stationary for the next ten years, as in the last decade, or whether there shall be a growth, an increase of twenty-five per cent. to its population, as it may add to its valuation in the same ratio, thus invigorating trade, enhancing the value of real estate, and lessening the burden of taxation. How can this be done? Simply in two ways: Enlarge productive industry, and increase facilities of communication. The citizens of Belfast have initiated a step—all credit to its pioneers—in the right direction, viz: its shoe factory. The Collector has shown his sympathy by taking an interest in the same, very small indeed, but as large perhaps in proportion to his means, as any citizen to the "manor-born." I trust this is but the beginning of the industry, to be followed by other manufacturing enterprises. The revival of shipbuilding is another help, which should be fostered by every citizen of Belfast. To encourage shoe manufacturing, stimulate ship building, attract capital and population, *direct* railroad communication has become necessary; already the ground is broken for a railroad from Bangor to Bucksport, soon to be followed by one from this point extending through the principal shore towns of eastern Maine. The Bay & River Road meets the European and North American at Bangor, also the Piscataquis road; thus opening communication with the northern and northeastern portion of the state, rich in slate, lumber, ship-timber and agricultural products. Can Belfast afford to fold her arms and see this whole enterprise pass by her harbor, by a swift steam ferriage from Bucksport to Rockland? Should not Belfast be *foremost* in helping to secure this connecting link with Bangor and Bucksport, thus securing direct rail communication with the entire net-work of railroad of the State—present and prospective? Has not every business man, real estate owner and tax payer of Belfast, a direct interest in the Bay & River road that makes this connecting link with all other roads? a road that is available to transport daily, manufactured goods to all parts of the State; a road that is open for the enterprising citizens of Belfast to draw upon the entire eastern and northern portions of the State, for ship materials, lumber, stock and agricultural products without limit? Let the thoughtful people of Belfast consider, and all hands to the rescue. The prosperity of Belfast or any other town is the prosperity of the county in which all good citizens have a common interest.

Whether the slurring of a neighboring town or the "slaughter of the innocents" in said town is manly journalism, or even wit, the intelligent readers of the Republican Journal must judge.

B. M. ROBERTS.

John Mahony was tried before Judge Talbot of Rockport for peddling rum to boys in the streets, found guilty and bound over to the March term of court. Being unable to find bonds for four hundred dollars he was committed to jail.

Letter from Rockland.

Correspondence of the Journal.

ROCKLAND March 8th.

A jolly row was in full blast last Tuesday afternoon on the "Point," which was summarily checked by the appearance of the police, who arrested and dragged off to durance vile Ann Costar, for assaulting Lizzie Coakley with a stove hooker, making sundry and divers gashes on the head of the aforesaid Coakley, detrimental to the health of the above mentioned and contrary to the form and statute so provided &c. Bound over in the sum of $300; failing to recognise was committed to Wiscasset Jail.

Considerable growling is manifested at the lack of space in our post office. When the mails are being distributed it is almost impossible to obtain a foothold within. We hope the new building will be commenced soon.

Friday morning about quarter past two the Lynde Hotel was discovered to be on fire. The fire originated in the lamp room, in the basement under the wing of the house, and had made considerable progress when discovered. The flames ran up through the building inside the plastering at the north east corner of the house, reaching the mansard roof and spread, ing throughout the upper story. Owing to the extreme height of the building, the firemen were unable to reach the flames. The boys finally took positions in the trees in front of the house and completely deluged the building. The roof and third story were burned out, and the lower stories being literally flooded with water. Nearly all the furniture was saved. The firemen worked with a will, and accomplished wonders. A special train was sent to Thomaston and brought the Eureka No. 3, which did good service. The fire department deserve much credit for saving the building, as the contiguous blocks are all wooden, and at one time it was feared that a disastrous conflagration was inevitable. The loss on the building will be about $7500. Insured for $9000 on the building and $3000 on the furniture and fixtures. The house will probably be rebuilt as soon as the insurance is adjusted. The crowded condition of the other hotel makes it an imperative necessity that our hotel accommodations be at once increased. The "cheering balm" circulated freely during the fire, and many persons were considerably elevated.

The graduating class of the High School gave a grand band concert and dress ball Friday eve. The Germania Band of Boston furnished the music. The hall was packed and a general enjoyable time was the universal opinion of all. The whole affair was decidedly the best managed thing we have had. The managers are deserving of the encomiums heaped upon them. May they do so some more.

The soft weather the past few days has given our streets a dirty appearance. One gets dreadfully spattered now who has the courage to ride. Rubber coats and boots are in great demand.

The March term of the S. J. Court begins next Tuesday. Dealers in the "Oh be joyful" are shaking in their boots, and the imbibers are daily anticipating a summons from the sheriff, to testify to "what I know about guzzling." Some folks are anxious, and there is likely to be some sport. People are waiting to see if the sheriff has got the stuff in him, he was said to possess when he boasted he would have all the mills closed in short metre. In the meantime we can wait and see.

A grand Presentation Concert takes place here April 24th. 25,000 tickets have got to be sold, and 3693 people will draw something, while the remaining 21,307 will be left out in the cold, musing on the uncertainty of things in general. Some very handsome and valuable prizes are to be drawn by somebody.

The old city council met Friday eve for the last time. The next meeting will be under the auspices of the newly elected board. Mayor Merrill enters upon his second year with the best wishes of the whole people. His conduct the past year has been such that no party can say ought against him. We have six candidates trying for the city marshal's billet. Gents, you can't all come in this year. VIM.

—A new collector has been appointed at Houlton, which his name is Adrian Vandine—and Mr. Powers, by the powers, isn't to be in that office in future.

—The Portland Argus has treated itself to a new suit of type, and looks as gay and youthful as can be imagined.

—Great apprehensions of a flood exist all over New England, if the present heavy body of snow shall suddenly melt.

—The Bangor Commercial has seen a lizard which Dr. Sanger says was expelled alive from a woman's stomach. She now feels better

—The owner of a sheep killing dog in Atkinson has had to pay $200 for his recreation.

—Loring, the Boston publisher, has done up the Newburyport ghost in a pamphlet, with a picture of the schoolmarm attacking the shadowy visitor with a poker. All of which may be had for the reasonable sum of twenty cents.

—At the election in Bangor, on Monday, J. P. Bass, Esq., the well known merchant, was elected mayor over Moses Giddings, regular republican nominee, by 394 majority. Mr. Bass is a republican, but was run on the reform ticket in an effort to depose the old pewter-eye oligarchy that has so long ruled the city. And the effort was a success. The Whig, we notice, is severely afflicted at the event.

—Camden voted on Monday, 399 to 73, to take stock to the amount of five per cent. of the valuation in the Penobscot Bay & River Railroad. Twenty year bonds to be issued to raise the amount.

—Mrs. Hale, the wife of our representative in Congress, ashamed that the State of her adoption should be so sparsely populated, is doing something to take away the reproach. It is a boy, and weighed ten and three-fourths pounds.

—S. T. Corser, Esq., who has so long and acceptably filled the office of Railroad Commissioner of Maine, has resigned.

—The Bangor Commercial learns that two youths of that city are to fight for a prize of $2 and the right to the company of a frisky maiden. Where's Mr. Hatch's bill forbidding cock-fights?

—The Maine Central directors have *not* voted to remove the business offices to Portland, as has been stated.

The Maine Central Railroad has issued the following notice to shippers of freight from Boston to the east—

The Boston & Maine Railroad having given notice that they will not receive freight as heretofore on through bills, and they will bill freight from Boston for our road to Portland only; therefore in addition to their present liberal provisions for freight in East Boston, the most ample accommodations have been provided by the Eastern Railroad Company in Boston, at the Boston & Lowell depot, (a station as convenient for freight as any in Boston,) where all freight from, or passing over our road may be delivered and received from March 10, 1873, on through way bills.

Freight destined to points on the Boston & Maine Railroad, will be billed to Portland, or such points on the P. S. & P. or Eastern R. R.'s, as the shippers may designate, where it will be promptly delivered to the order of the shipper.

L. L. LINCOLN, Acting Supt.

Augusta, March 6, 1873.

No Tidings of the Missing Crew.

N. Y. March, 8. The Brig Mary Celeste, found abandoned at sea, and taken to Gibraltar, was laden with alcohol, and the cargo was owned by J. H. Winchester & Co. of this city. Nothing yet has been heard of Capt. Briggs and crew, or of the captain's wife and child, who were on board when she sailed hence.

NEW HAMPSHIRE ELECTION

A DEMOCRATIC VICTORY!

Concord, N. H., March 12th, 2.30 A.M. One hundred and forty-five towns, from which returns have been received to date, give Straw, republican, 27,476; Weston, democrat, 24,459; Blackmar, prohibition, 864; Mason, liberal republican, 503. The remaining towns gave last year, Straw 7,488; Weston 9,058. The republicans think it probable that the democratic congressmen are elected from the three districts, and that there is no election of governor by the people. They claim the Senate and House, the former by a small majority.

Boutwell for U. S. Senator.

Boston, March 11.

Hon. George S. Boutwell, the present Secretary of the Treasury, was to-day made the republican nominee for United States Senator, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of the Vice President.

City Election, 1873.

Wards,	1	2	3	4	5	
MAYOR.						
Wm. C. Marshall,	4	36	57	31	41	169
Scattering,		1			1	2
Total,						171

ALDERMEN ELECTED.

Ward 1—N. F. Houston, re-elected,
2—John G. Brooks, "
3—Wm. H. Fogler, "
4—Albert Gammans, new member.
5—Joseph H. Kaler, re-elected.

COMMON COUNCILMEN ELECTED.

Ward 1—H. Mahoney and Wm. M. Woods.
2—H. J. Locke and S. T. Edgecomb.
3—Asa A. Howes and Geo. F. White.
4—Simon A. Fayson and Jas. Holmes.
5—C. B. Stephenson and E. W. Ellis.

CONSTABLES ELECTED.

Ward 1—Jacob W. Eastman.
2—Ezra Bickford.
3—Geo. W. Knowlton.
4—Edwin Brier.
5—John Hogan.

WARDENS AND WARD CLERKS ELECTED.

Ward 1—Edward Sibley and Emery Boardman.
2—L. H. Murch and R. G. Dyer.
3—F. W. Berry and Alfred Ellis.
4—T. A. Beckwith and Hiram Walton.
5—Ira Libby and A. A. Hurd.

Town Elections.

WASHINGTON. Moderator, Hiram Bliss Jr.; Clerk, E. G. Webber; Selectmen, A. J. H. Newhall, Nehemiah Poland, Calvin D. Wright; Agent, James W. Farrar; S. S. Committee, John M. Newhall; Auditor, Randall Albee; Collector, James Lincoln.

SEARSMONT. Moderator, N. Smart; Clerk, H. Wing; Selectmen, A. Woodman, L. M. Poor, C. T. Hemenaway; Town Treasurer, N. Smart; Town Agent, James Fuller; Supervisor of Schools, W. H. Crawford.

MONROE. Moderator, Freeman Atwood; Clerk, Charles Sargent; Selectmen, Asa Thurlough, P. H. Kane, A. P. Gilmore; School Committee, Miss S. A. Mansur, A. W. Lincoln, S. R. Robertson; Treasurer, A. H. Mayo; Auditor, T. Mayo.

JACKSON. Moderator, Geo. E. Wallace; Selectmen, D. K. Drake, M. S. Stiles, James W. Wallace; Clerk, Treasurer and Collector, J. H. Cook; Supervisor of Schools, Rev. A. N. Jones

The prettiest sign now displayed on Main street is to be seen over the door of W. K. Morson, sewing machine agent.

Judge Thurlow was compelled to adjourn the Probate court to April, at the close of the first day of the March term, on account of sickness in his family.

Mr. McCrillis' little girl, at the end of the cast bridge, amused herself on Saturday by counting the number of teams that crossed the bridge during the day, and found them to number 413.

Three car loads of ship timber, the first of a lot of 50 tons, came over the road on Tuesday from Thorndike, for the firm of Bean & Long, Belfast's Harbor. It was shipped by Nathan Manchester.

A sudden and violent storm deposited a few inches of snow on Tuesday afternoon, followed by a rain. There must have much more snow up country, as the train which left Burnham at 7 o'clock, having no snow plow, was obliged to return for one, and did not get down until next day.

After one of the late heavy snow falls, a young girl was endeavoring to make her way along the street to a house at which she was employed, when a strange dog, a large Newfoundland, came to her aid. He kept ahead of her, breaking a path, until he saw her turn in at her destination, when with a satisfied wag of the tail he trotted back.

The Messrs. Mathews, at the Sash and Blind Manufactory, have lately filled an order for some very fine walnut doors, sashes and blinds for the Hon. W. C. Smith, of St. Albans, Vermont, a present Congressman. They are fine specimens of workmanship, and the order was obtained by that gentleman having seen some of their work.

The new three-masted schooner Sarah Potter, loading at Hersden's wharf, is a superior vessel of 850 tons, built at East Boston, and commanded by Capt. John Wall, of St. George. On her passage to this port, her first trip, she encountered the heavy gale of March 2d, which the captain reports as a severe one. She came near being dismasted by carrying away spring stay, but reached this port without further damage.

Mr. F. A. Follet, who lives on High street, was awakened about two o'clock on Wednesday morning by the crashing in of his front door, and on going down stairs found a young man walking about in the front room. He appeared to be bewildered, and unconscious of his acts. After a while he managed to give an incoherent account of himself—said his name was Spear, that he lived in Rockland, and had been drinking in various saloons the night before; that persons had tried to rob him, and he broke in the door to avoid them. He showed his pocket book, with a good deal of money. Policeman McKenney was called, who took him to jail. Next morning he paid for the damage he had done, and was allowed to depart.

The city election on Monday was the tamest affair of the kind that has transpired in this precinct within the memory of man, and the vote is the smallest within the same period. But there is little fault to be found, since a list of good men and true have been called to serve in the high positions named. The board of aldermen is the same as last year with the exception of Ward 4, in which Mr. Ferguson declined a re-election, and Mr. Gammons was substituted. The total of four votes in Ward one is explained upon two grounds—first the storm, and second from the fact that after the polls had been opened half the day, the proceedings were found to be illegal, and the box was reversed and opened anew. That was discouraging to patriots, and they declined to struggle through the drifts a second time. Some interest was excited in Ward 5 by an unsuccessful attempt to defeat Mr. Kaler.

Before the Police Court, on Monday, Charles McIntosh was arraigned for assault upon Chas. A. Chaples. Fined $4 and costs. Respondent declined to pay, saying he had rather go to jail, where he could get his hot brown bread and horse. He was accommodated. Daniel E. Patterson, recently discharged from jail before the expiration of his sentence for getting drunk, was brought up on complaint of officer McKenney for the same offence, and was put over the road for sixty days, which he will probably serve out in full.

On Wednesday, Aaron Nickerson was arraigned on complaint of J. F. Eustis, for aggravated assault. The parties work in the shoe factory, where Nickerson's wife also works. On Wednesday morning Nickerson accused Eustis of having insulted his wife, and struck him repeatedly in the face with a sharp instrument, cutting through the skin. He was ordered to give bonds for his appearance at Supreme Court, which he did in the sum of $200.

ALONG THE WHARVES. Saturday of last week was the busiest day of the season in this department. The wharves were densely packed with teams, and hay was everywhere to be seen. We counted twenty-five vessels loading and discharging. The late arrivals report very severe weather. Sch. Nevada, Gillis, from Baltimore with 3,000 bushels of corn for Albert Carter, experienced a long and disagreeable passage. When in Boston Bay was overtaken by a storm in which she suffered badly, springing aleak, losing boat and sustaining other damage. They succeeded in reaching Gloucester, Mass., where they went upon the ways, undergoing repairs which enabled them to reach this port. The cargo is supposed to be damaged. Sch. Annie Tibbits, from Philadelphia, is discharging a cargo of 11,000 bushels of corn for Pitcher & Gorham. Sch. Nathan Clifford, from New York, has a full cargo of corn which will go over the road to parties in Skowhegan. We note the following shipments—Pitcher & Gorham are loading the three masted sch. Sarah Potter with hay for Charleston, S. C.; sch. Geo. Washington, hay for Boston; sch. Martha Weeks, hay for Boston. Woods, Mathews & Baker are loading sch. J. M. Fisk with hay for Charleston S. C.; sch. Hero, hay for Boston; sch. Oak Grove, potatoes for Boston. Mr. Morrow still receives potatoes daily over the road, and is loading sch. Myra Sears for Boston. Sch. Gen. Meade is loading hay and brick for Boston. Sch. Golden Rule is loading ship timber for Tenant's Harbor.

MONROE.

In this town of 1375 inhabitants, there are forty widows and only eight widowers.

Some five weeks ago one Octavia Douglass came to this town to visit her relatives, and in a short time was taken sick with the small pox. Proper measures were taken to prevent its spreading. Her mother, a widow nearly 80 years old, and her sister Martha, a maiden lady, took the disorder and both died. Octavia is now nearly well. There have been no other cases, and no further danger felt.

LINCOLNVILLE.

The snow blockade still continues to be an impediment to public travel and local business in the town. For the lack of that "faith like a grain of mustard seed" which could "remove mountains" in olden time, people have put their faith more in shovels and triangles to remove the mountains of snow. "Faith without works is dead," especially in making roads through snow banks.

Mr. Philip Rackliff, the oldest person in town, died on the 9th inst., aged 89 years. It can be truly said of him that an "unspotted life is old age."

At the annual town meeting held on the 10th inst., Wm. H. Hodges was chosen Moderator; J. Mathews, Clerk; Wm. H. Hodges, Seth G. Wyman and H. Leadbetter, Selectmen; D. L. Frohock, Collector of taxes; Wm. L. Howe, Treasurer; Joseph Miller, Town Agent. H. Leadbetter, Wm. H. Hodges, S. S. Committee; A. Drake, D. L. Frohock, Constables.

Voted to dispense with the article in the warrant in relation to taking stock or loaning the credit of the town in aid of the Penobscot Bay & River Railroad.

A crippled rogue in Philadelphia has found a new use for an artificial leg. He worked in a pipe factory and was in the habit of filling his porcelain limb each day with a choice assortment of meershaums, which he disposed of on his own account. When discovered, he had made $800 by this illegitimate traffic. In this way he was walking off with a goodly share of the profit of the establishment.

A Syracuse deacon cast a gloom over his wife's mouth by pulling a button hook from his pocket marked "Lizzie." His wife's name is Mary, and she never owned a button hook.

PARTICULARS OF THE TRAGEDY AT ISLE OF SHOALS.

The Murderer Taken to Portsmouth.

BOSTON, March 7.

Lewis Wagner, suspected of the double murder at Smutty Nose, one of the Isles of Shoals, was arrested in Fleet street, Boston, last night, and committed to await the requisition of the authorities of Maine, within whose jurisdiction the murders were committed.

Wagner is about thirty years of age and weighs 170 pounds. He claims to be a Prussian by birth.

When charged with the murder he stoutly denied having any knowledge of it. On his person was found a small amount of money, but a watch was soon found, where he had disposed of it, and his old clothes, spotted with blood, were discovered in a shop where he had procured a new outfit.

The murder, which was most brutal in its details, was discovered at an early hour Thursday by members of the Huntress family, at whose residence the outrage was committed.

Wagner, a former employee of Mr. Hontvet, arrived in his boat from Star Island at an early hour on the evening of the murder. His mission to all appearance was the perpetration of the crime he subsequently committed, his sneaking manner on his arrival at the house being such as to rise to suspicion on the part of Mrs. Hontvet that he was intent on some object which bodied no good. He passed the front of the house to the rear, and soon after entered the house. After a short conversation he asked Cornelia Christenton to come into the entry with him as he had something very important to communicate. The woman, who suspected something wrong, involuntarily started to acquiesce in Wagner's request. Trembling with fear she approached the entry, where on arriving she discovered Wagner with an axe in his hand. With a shriek she started to run to the kitchen, where she had left Mrs. Hontvet and another woman, named Annette Lawson, but before she could re-enter the door she received a furious blow on the head from Wagner with the axe. The blow was sufficient to kill her instantly. The murderer, with the axe in his hand, entered the room where the other two women were, and without a word struck the Lawson woman a terrible blow upon the side. The woman fell to the floor, her agony being such as soon to occasion loud cries of distress.

She was asked by Wagner where the money was that was kept in the house, being at the same time warned that if she would not tell him he would kill her at once. She continued to groan, seemingly to pay but little attention to what the brute was saying. All at once Wagner seemed to have become possessed of the spirit of a demon and heaped the blows with the axe thick and fast on the head and body of the unfortunate woman. Mrs. Lawson's head was literally crushed to a jelly. Meanwhile Mrs. Hontvet who had received a severe blow from the murderer with a chair was hidden among the rocks on the island. Remaining in her secure position till between eight and nine o'clock Thursday morning, she ventured out and crossed the sea wall to Melaga Island, and by her cries succeeded in making herself heard by Mr. Ingerbredson, a man who has a house on Appledore Island. He went to her assistance and found her suffering from a blow on the shoulder, and her feet and parts of her body badly frozen, she having remained in the severe cold all these hours with nothing on but her chemise and flannel night dress.

When the men arrived on the island a sickening sight was presented. In the bed-room in the east end of the house lay the dead body of Miss Christensen. She was lying on the floor on her face, with no clothing on except her chemise. She had a white handkerchief passed around her neck twice, drawn very tight and tied in a hard knot on the back of her neck. The scene was horrible. She had five deep cuts in the back of the head, and four in the face, each one penetrating the skull so that the brains protruded. The room had every appearance of a scuffle, as the bed-clothes were lying around in a disordered condition, being covered with blood; and there was blood on the walls, doors and floor. In the kitchen, the dead body of Annette Lawson lay on the floor, with the face upward; she was in her night-clothes. As stated previously, her head was fearfully mangled, in fact cut to pieces with an axe. A shawl was wound twice around her neck tightly, and tied, as it to choke her or otherwise to haul the body into the house, as the theory is that she was killed outside the house. In this kitchen was a table with plates, bread, &c., upon it; also a kerosene lamp. A chair had been smashed in pieces, and the fragments were lying around the room; and there was one whole chair, a stove and other kitchen furniture.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., March 7.

A large crowd of indignant citizens were gathered on the arrival of Wagner, the alleged murderer, but there was no breach of the peace.

The murdered women were of irreproachable character and quite remarkable for personal beauty.

All is quiet. The question of jurisdiction, whether in Maine or this State, is still undecided. It is probably Maine.

Coroner Junkins' jury at Kittery has not reported yet. The victims will be buried here.

THE MURDERER'S STORY.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., March 8. Sheriff Warren and Attorney Yeaton of York county are here, and have virtually decided Smutty Nose Island to be in Maine, by assuming charge of proceedings in the Shoals murder case. They are going to the island this morning in the U. S. steamer Mayflower to visit the scene of the murder, and bring in the bodies of the women for burial. Wagner will probably be examined and arraigned at Kittery and taken to Alfred jail. The clock at Mr. Hontvet's house was knocked off a shelf in the melee and stopped about 1 o'clock.

MRS. HONTVET DOING WELL.

PORTSMOUTH, March 8. It is expected the Mayflower, on her return, will bring the bodies of the murdered women. This afternoon crowds are about the police station. It is expected Mrs. Hontvet will confront Wagner after the return of the party from Smutty Nose. Dr. Whittier reports that she is doing well and amputation will not be necessary.

Wagner has received hundreds of visitors this morning. There is an impression that his trial may result as did that of Alley of Boston. He tells a straightforward story and apparently accounts for every hour of that night. He says he drank two glasses of ale and paid ten cents for it, that it made him drunk and everything was black. He then went down a street and fell near a pump on the ice, staying there some time. Then he got up, went down Liberty street and went into a dark room in Matthew Johnson's and saw through the open door two men baiting trawls. When he awoke it was daylight and he went out. No one saw him going in or out. He says he met no one, and reclined on a lounge during the night.

A man named Brogan says Wagner bought a dollar's worth of hard-tack on the evening of the murder and said he was going to the Shoals. Parties working on the Newcastle bridge, which is impassable, helped a man across, a stranger, early Thursday morning. He did not speak and appeared deeply thinking. His description answers to that of Wagner. A boat stolen from David Burk, Wednesday night was found at Jerry's Point, Newcastle, Friday morning. Wagner says he shaved to toughen his face. He received a letter to-day from Mecklenburg, Prussia.

WAGNER AND MRS. HONTVET CONFRONTED.

At noon to-day Mrs. Hontvet confronted the murderer at the police station. They met quietly, neither being disconcerted. Mrs. Hontvet commenced by saying in broken English, "Well, Louis, what do you think of this? you killed my sisters." He replied, "No Mary, I didn't." She said, "You did." He returned, "Mary you can't swear I did. I have not been at the Shoals for months." She said, "Louis, we did not deserve to be killed by you." to which he replied, "No Mary, you did not. You are mistaken, I was not there."

She then proceeded to tell what she knew, the prisoner not being allowed to answer her, although he desired to. She says her sister on the lounge evidently thought the man who was in the room when she awoke was John Hontvet, as Karen shouted "John, John, you kill me," as he proceeded to pound her. Mrs. Hontvet then opened the door and dragged Karen into the bed-room. The man struck her twice on the shoulder with a chair. She pulled the door to, told her sister in bed to open the window and get out. As she did so Mrs. H. threw a quilt out after her; Karen had been holding the door to and called for Mrs. H., as her strength was failing. Mrs. Hontvet went to the door and held it. The woman outside was too frightened to run. The man went out of doors, saw her and she shouted "Louis! Louis! Louis!" He then ran back to the door and got an axe, with which he struck her three times and went away. Mrs. H. got out of the window, but Karen was too faint to follow. She went down to the hen house and a little dog followed her, else she would have taken up a board and concealed herself under the floor. She lett the dog there and ran down to the dock. The man in the house had lighted a lamp. She then heard Karen scream.

Her story does not differ from the previous one. She says it was too dark in the house to see who the man was, but as he struck Annette in the bright moonlight, although she did not see his face, she recognized his voice.

Wagner then repeated his story, having shown no feeling during the recital of Mrs. Hontvet's story. As he told where he was about the time of the murder, an expression of incredulity was seen on the face of Mrs. H., who finally shook her head, as if the statement were wholly unworthy of credit. While Mrs. H. had been telling that her sister on the lounge awoke her by calling the man John, who was Mrs. H.'s husband, he being in the room was quite affected. To all questions if Mr. H. had not been always friendly, Louis replied, "Yes, Mary," and persisted in denying that he was on the island. She said, "Louis, you killed my sister," and the reply was, "Mary, I did not." He said he entered the rear of Mathew Johnson's house, where he boarded, about 3 o'clock that morning, the door being unlocked.

ANOTHER WOMAN DENOUNCES HIM.

He again was confronted by Mr. Johnson's daughter, Mary, who said her mother locked the door and that one of the men in the house slept half that night on the same lounge that Louis says he occupied at 3. As the murderer left the room, Miss Johnson, said excitedly, "What a liar." She also told him that he said to her at breakfast time, on the morning of the murder, "I expect something after me," which he denied. The prisoner eyed both the ladies as they were talking, and the only indication of interest shown was the gradual deepening of the flush on his face.

THE CHANCES OF HIS CONVICTION.

Citizens who were present state they do not believe Wagner can be convicted on the testimony of Mrs. H., notwithstanding she averred she recognized the form while killing Annette, and seemed to have no doubt in determining and insisting that he was the man.

Catastrophe at Smyrna.

The Smyrna correspondent of the Levant Herald, writing under date of the 11th ult., gives an account of the melancholy accident in that town, which was briefly noticed in the cable despatches a day or two later:

On Sunday night, the Cafe Kivote, built upon piles over the sea, broke down suddenly during a performance given by a company of acrobats. The proprietor of the cafe says he only sold 108 tickets, but the people saved declare there were 200 persons present. Most of them were of the poorer class, and there were not many Turks there, or young men of respectable families. At 10 o'clock a loud cracking was heard, and within five minutes the entire cafe had disappeared under water. A few of the persons near the entrance contrived to effect their escape, and some persons saved themselves by jumping through the windows into the sea. The boatmen rowed up in numbers, but their efforts to save life were in vain. Sureya Pasha, the Governor General; Ibrahim Agna, Chief of Police, and Tahir Bey, commander of the gendarmerie, who were at once on the spot, exerted themselves strenuously, but fruitlessly, with the same object. The profound silence which succeeded the piercing cries of despair told too plainly the terrible character of the disaster. The Catholic and Greek Archbishops were on the spot early the following morning. Yesterday afternoon the workmen of the Quay Company were actively engaged in removing the roof of the submerged cafe. The search after the dead bodies was a sad spectacle; the acrobats were withdrawn from the water in their showy costumes of the previous night; the limbs of all the bodies were contracted with pain. Two hearses were engaged the whole day in conveying the remains discovered to the hospitals. Of the fifty bodies deposited at the Greek hospital, twenty-eight were claimed up to 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon and eleven were claimed at the Catholic hospital. Divers were busy at work all day, and every minute a fresh body was brought up. To-day they recommence their melancholy task at daybreak, and twenty more bodies were found. The total number of bodies found up to the present is eighty, and it is supposed that there are still fifty more in the water. An English captain, two Turkish merchants, a young man of good connections, an Italian captain, a telegraph clerk, and some commercial clerks are among the victims. The feeling of grief and consternation is general, and the ball advertised to be held in the Casino has been countermanded. The police have closed all the other cafes built upon the sea. One man saved has been rendered dumb. The company of acrobats consisted of seven persons, of whom three were women, and one of these later only survives. The Government will institute proceedings against the proprietor of the cafe, who did not pay heed to the warning of danger which was given him in time.

MRS. ABIGAIL D. COOK, whose death will be found recorded under the appropriate heading, was the oldest person in Newburyport. She died in the same room where she was married, on the seventy-third anniversary of the day. Mrs. Cook was born at Boothbay, Maine, when that territory was a province of Massachusetts, and her father, Hon. Isreal Davis, was a captain in the army, during the Revolution. The Continental Congress was poor and the provinces not much better off, and the soldiers often found it difficult to obtain their pay. Captain Davis, who was a man of some property, advanced the money and himself paid off his company several times, and this was not refunded until about fifteen years ago, when Mrs. Cook received $11,000 on her father's account. She was the mother of nine children, of whom two only survive her, Moody D. Cook, Esq., of this city, and Fuller G. Cook, of Rockland, Maine. At the time of her death, Mrs. Cook had been a member of the Old South Church for sixty-five years, and was a woman of strict piety, liberality to the distressed and needy, and integrity. She was one of the choir which sang at the welcome to Washington on his visit to Newburyport, and she was also a member of the choir which sang at the commemorative services at the Old South on the occasion of Washington's death. The only member of that choir now surviving is Mrs. Pike, widow of the late Richard Pike, Esq. Mrs. Cook is said to have been a very handsome woman, and to the day of her death she retained a sprightliness remarkable in one so aged, and her mind seemed not to be at all impaired. [Newburyport Herald, Feb. 18.

A DOUBTFUL TRANSACTION. The Boston Herald says that Harvey & Co. of Lowell, Mass., two years ago, sent to a Mr. Booth in Bucksport, seven cases of materials for 420 pairs of slippers, which the Maine man agreed to complete and return as soon as convenient. After waiting some months and receiving no satisfactory reply as to the slippers, Harvey & Co. demanded the return of the goods, but up to this neither goods nor their equivalent have been received. A short time since it was ascertained that the Maine man had consigned 120 pairs to A. N. Saunders & Co. of Boston, where they were put up at auction and Mr. Harvey, receiving information of this was present at the sale, when he bid in the whole lot and forwarded them to Lowell, where he had made arrangements for their seizure as embezzled goods. In this way the Lowell firm are likely to recover a portion, at least, of their property.

From the Portsmouth Times.

THE NEWBURYPORT GHOST. Quite a number of cautious and not over-credulous men of this city have visited the city of Newburyport and otherwise taken measures to ascertain the exact value of the stories told in regard to the strange manifestations in the school house in that city. They tell us that the people of that city are about equally divided in regard to the real state of the case. Those who do not know anything about the facts and those who will not believe anything not in accordance with their religious notions, are bitter and ugly. They swear it is all a humbug and the work of mischievous boys. On the other hand, the other half, and really the most sensible half, admit that the report of the committee is all nonsense and that there is really something that cannot be explained. A dispatch from Newburyport, Feb. 28th, says:

The believers in the supernatural are holding high carnival here to-day. Notwithstanding the volumnious report of the two thirds committee, the "ghost of Charles street school house" very obstinately refuses to be quiet, and Thursday afternoon the spectral manifestations were more demonstrative than ever, and "by many witnesses are all these things established."

This noon your reporter visited the school, and learned from many of the scholars some account of the proceedings yesterday and to-day. E. E. Laughlands, thirteen years old, James Christopher, twelve years, Abram Lydston and many others, gave the following account: Soon after school commenced, rumbling noises, rappings and voices were heard, proceeding from the entry and overhead in the school room. Some of the boys went to the closet in the entry, where the brooms were kept, and on opening the door the brooms came out, hitting them in the face. The brooms were hung up and at once came down again. The manifestations apparently reached their height about the middle of the afternoon, when "the hand" was seen at the entry window. The teacher went toward the window, and in the corner of the entry was seen distinctly the head and shoulders of a boy with light hair and having a dark cloth over his shoulders. The scholars saw the figure for a minute or two and some of the older ones saw it vanish. This was in the corner of the entry opposite the staircase. These boys in conversation all appear intelligent and reliable, and each confirmed the other statements. This forenoon a voice has been heard at times singing, and the noises overhead have been continued, although the door leading to the attic is securely locked. Certain it is that there is something in the wind, and one of the School Committee says to-day: "It is of no use to attempt to brow-beat this matter down. It won't do, there is something in it."

"The Best and Cheapest Hotel in America."

There are a great many hotels in this country whose proprietors, with a sense of confidence, that is truly touching, will believe that the above heading refers to their particular hotel, and no other. If these proprietors were all assembled in a body at a certain time and place, and a trumpet was to sound the above quotation, wouldn't each and every proprietor there cry out as if with one voice: "That's my house!" We say, "No!" But our "travelling correspondent," whose perambulations extend through every quarter of the globe, say, it is "Alas, too true!" and we submit to his superior judgment.

We mean, however, to speak of New York Hotels. There is one hotel on Broadway, that certainly is the largest, best and cheapest first-class hotel in that city.

We wish to say, and experience will bear us out, that when a guest receives an elegantly furnished room, with meals, at his command, from early breakfast every hour till midnight, with a perfect *parlor on wheels* for an elevator, to carry him from one floor to another, and for $3.00 per day, we think the proprietor of *that hotel* may come forward and claim the above title for his house. The Grand Central Hotel, on Broadway, upon which has been lavished nearly two millions ($2,000,000) of dollars, is that hotel. Its proprietor, H. L. Powers, judiciously discriminates between the upper and lower floors, fixing the prices at $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 per day. The Grand Central is the only hotel we know of that does business on this system.

Pills, Potions and Pungencies.

"If there is anybody under the canister of heaven that I have in utter execrescence" says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slander going about like a boy constructor, circulating his calonel upon honest folks."

A DEATH KNELL! This is what a neglected cough or cold proves to millions. If you love life arrest these premonitions of Consumption with *Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar*. Delay is perilous. Fly to the only sure remedy. Sold by all Druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute.

After the chaplain of the Wisconsin State Prison had taught a convict how to write, the fellow forged an order by which he made his escape.

For all the complaints peculiar to females, Duponco's Golden Pills are invaluable.

The greatest novelty of modern medical and chemical science is found in Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or Sugar-Coated, Concentratec Root and Herbal Juice, Anti-Bilious Granules—scarcely larger than mustard seed, yet possessing as much cathartic power as the old style of large, repulsive pills, while they are more easily taken and are pleasant in effect. 25 cents a vial, by Druggists. 670

Centaur Liniment.

There is no pain which the Centaur Liniment will not relieve, no swelling it will not subdue, and no lameness which it will not cure. This is strong language, but it is true. Where the parts are not gone, its effects are marvelous. It has produced more cures of rheumatism, neuralgia, lock-jaw, palsy, sprains, swellings, caked-breasts, scalds, burns, salt-rheum, earache, &c., upon the human frame, and of strains, spavin, gails, &c., upon animals in one year than have all other pretended remedies since the world began. It is a counter-irritant, an all-healing pain reliever. Cripples throw away their crutches, the lame walk, poisonous bites are rendered harmless and the wounded are healed without a scar. It is no humbug. The recipe is published around each bottle. It is selling as no article ever before sold, and it sells because it does just what it pretends to do. Those who now suffer from rhematism, pain or swelling deserve to suffer if they will not use Centaur Liniment. More than 1000 certificates of remarkable cures, including frozen limbs, chronic-rheumatism, gout, running tumors, &c., have been received. We will send a circular containing certificates, the recipe, &c., gratis, to any one requesting it. One bottle of the yellow wrapper Centaur Liniment is worth one hundred dollars for spavined or sweenied horses and mules, or for screw-worm in sheep. Stock-owners—this liniment is worth your attention. No family should be without Centaur Liniment.

J. B. ROSE & CO., New York.

CASTORIA is more than a substitute for Castor Oil. It is the only *safe* article in existence which is certain to assimilate the food, regulate the bowels, cure wind-colic and produce natural sleep. It contains neither minerals, morphine or alcohol, and is pleasant to take. Children need not cry and mothers may rest.

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12 Samples by mail, 50 cts, retail quick for $10 R. L. WOLCOTT, 181 Chatham Sq., N. Y. 1yr26.

FIRST TRIP OF THE SEASON!

—TO—

MT. DESERT & MACHIAS

ONE TRIP PER WEEK

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

The favorite steamer LEWISTON! Capt. CHAS. DEERING.

Will leave Railroad Wharf, every Thursday Evening, at 10 o'clock, commencing Thursday March 20th.

For Rockland, Castine, Deer Isle, Sedgewick. So. West Harbor, (Mt. Desert,) Millbridge, Jonesport and Machiasport, as the ice will permit.

Returning will leave Machiasport every Monday morning at 5 o'clock, touching at the above named landings.

For further particulars inquire of Ross & Sturdivant, 179 Commercial Street, or CYRUS STURDIVANT, General Agent. Portland, March 8th, 1873. tf36

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

WEDNESDAY, March 5, 1873.

At market this week—1646 Cattle; 8333 Sheep and Lambs; 15100 Swine. Western Cattle 1496; Northern Cattle and Working Oxen and Milch Cows, 150; Eastern Cattle, —.

Prices of Beef Cattle per hundred lbs. live weight Extra quality, $7 75a$8 00; First quality, $7 25a7 50; Second quality, $6 50a$7 00; Third quality, $4 75a5 75 poorest grade of coarse Oxen, Bulls, &c, $3 50a4 25.

Hides—Hides 9 1-2c; Tallow 6a6 1-2c per lb; Country Tallow 5a5 1-2c; Country Hides 9c per lb; Calf Skins 16a20c per lb; Sheep Skins $1 75a2 50.

Working Oxen—We quote sales of 1 pr, gth 7 ft 2 in $205; 1 pr, 7 ft 2 in $190; 1 pr, 6 ft 8 in $185; 1 pr 6 ft 6 in, $150; 1 pr 8 ft 6 in, $185; 1 pr 8 ft 6 in, $140.

Milch Cows—Prices, extra $60a95; ordinary $25a50; Store Cows from $16a30 per head.

Store Cattle—Most of the small cattle brought into market are sold for Beef.

Sheep and Lambs—Western Sheep cost from 6 1-2a8 1-2c per lb. delivered.

Swine—Store Pigs—none in market. Fat hogs —15l.0 at market; prices, 6a6 1-4c per lb.

BELFAST PRICE CURRENT.

Corrected Weekly for the Journal.

BELFAST, Wednesday, March 12, 1873.

Flour,	$9 50 to 13 50	Round Hog,	7 to 8
Corn Meal,	85 to 00	Clear S't Pork,	$16 to 18
Rye Meal,	1.10 to 1,15	Mutton per lb.,	6 to 8
Rye,	90 to 1.00	Lamb per lb.,	00 to 00
Corn,	83 to 00	Turkey per lb.,	22 to 25
Barley,	55 to 60	Chicken per lb.,	17 to 20
Beans,	2.50 to 3.00	Duck per lb.,	18 to 20
Marrowfat Peas,	90 to 1.00	Geese per lb.,	15 to 00
Oats,	50 to 52	Hay per ton,	$12 to 15
Potatoes,	60 to 65	Lime,	$1.45 to 0.00
Dried Apples,	6 to 8	Washed Wool,	50 to 06
Cooking, do.	50 to 00	Unwashed "	38 to 00
Butter,	25 to 28	Pulled "	50 to 60
Cheese,	18 to 20	Hides,	8 1-2to 00
Eggs,	20 to 23	Calf Skins,	16 1-2 to 17
Lard,	12 to 14	Sheep Skins,	75 to 1.50
Beef,	7 to 10	Wood, hard,	$5.50 to 7.00
Baldwin, Ap'ls,	65 to 75	Wood, soft,	$4.00 to 8.00
Veal,	7 to 8	Dry Pollock,	5 to 00
Dry Cod,	7 to 8	Straw,	$8 to 00

SPECIAL NOTICES.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP,
SCHENCK'S SEAWEED TONIC,
SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS,

Are the only medicines that will cure Pulmonary Consumption.

Sometimes medicines that will stop a cough will often occasion the death of the patient. It locks up the liver, stops the circulation of the blood, hemorrhage follows, and, in fact, clogging the action of the very organs that caused the cough.

Liver complaint and dyspepsia are the causes of two-thirds of the cases of consumption. Many are now complaining with dull pain in the side, the bowels sometimes costive and sometimes too loose, tongue coated, pain in the shoulder-blade, feeling sometimes very restless, and at other times drowsy; the food that is taken lies heavily on the stomach, accompanied with acidity and belching of wind. These symptoms usually originate from a disordered condition of the stomach or a torpid liver. Persons so affected, if they take one or two heavy colds, and if the cough in these cases be suddenly stopped, the lungs, liver and stomach clog, and remain torpid and inactive, and before the patient is aware of his situation, the lungs are a mass of sores, and ulcerated, and death is the inevitable result.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is an expectorant which does not contain any opium, nor anything calculated to check a cough suddenly.

Schenck's Seaweed tonic dissolves the food, mixes with the gastric juice of the stomach, digests easily, nourishes the system, and creates a healthy circulation of the blood. When the bowels are costive, skin sallow and the patient is of a bilious habit, Schenck's Mandrake Pills are required.

These medicines are prepared by Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Northeast corner of Sixth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, Penn., and for sale by GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., 38 Hanover street, Boston, and JOHN F. HENRY, 8 College place, New York, Wholesale Agents.

For sale by Druggists generally.—1y3sp

BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE.

This splendid Hair Dye is the *best in the world*. The only True and Perfect Dye. Harmless, Reliable and Instantaneous; no disappointment; no ridiculous tints or unpleasant odor. Remedies the ill effects of bad dyes and washes. Produces IMMEDIATELY a superb BLACK OR NATURAL BROWN, and leaves the hair CLEAN, SOFT AND BEAUTIFUL. The genuine signed W. A. Batchelor. Sold by all Druggists.

1y19sp CHAS. BATCHELOR *Prop., N. Y.*

MARRIED.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., by Rev. Dr. Storrs, Wesley O. Dodge of Red Wing, Minn., and Miss Julia Coa Reed of Brooklyn.

In Northport, March 9th, by F. A Dickey, Esq., Mr. James H. Mendall and Mrs. Matilda M. Tenney, all of Northport.

In Kenduskeag, March 4th, by Rev. Amos Redlon, Mr. Suel Smith and Mrs. Alice T. Doton, both of Boston.

In Boston, March 6, Mr. Alexander J. Cameron and Miss Mary Kennedy, both of Ellsworth.

In Islesboro, March 6, by Chas. Nash, Esq., Mr. Thaddeus Babbidge and Miss Adriana J. Pendleton, all of I.

In Appleton, March 4th, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. K. N. Meservy, Capt. Chas. H. Mathews of Belfast, and Miss Ella M. Conant of Appleton.

In Orland, Feb 28th, Mr. J. C. Fowler and Miss Eliza T. Cleaves, both of Sangerville.

In Gouldsboro, March 2d, Mr. Corydon Handy and Miss Rosanda Pettee, both of G.

In Rockport, March 1, Mr. James N. Armstrong and Miss Adora Harwood, both of R.

In West Camden, Feb. 27, Mr. Wm. J. Jameson and Miss Ella J. Holden, both of Rockland.

In Rockland, Feb. 26th, Mr. A. W. Kaler and Miss Mary Whitney, both of R. Feb. 28th, Mr. Warren Whitcomb and Miss Maria E. Geer, both of So. Thomaston.

In Waldoboro', Feb. 25, Mr. Lincoln Orff and Miss Seba A. Benner, both of W.

In Waldoboro', Feb. 27th, by Isaac Reed, Esq., Mr. Jacob Gross and Mrs Sarah Gross, both of Waldoboro'.

DIED.

(Obituary notices, beyond the Date, Name and Age must be paid for.)

in this city March 8, Mrs. Mary Harper, aged 68 years.

In Lincolnville, March 9, Philip Rackliff, aged 88 years.

In Palermo, Feb. 24th, William Woodbury, son of the late Parker and Lucia Osgood Sheldon, aged 22 years.

In St. George, Feb. 18, Gracie D., daughter of Wm. J. and Fannie A. Dennett, aged 8 months.

In Belmont, Jan. 12, Mrs. Lucy J. Porter, aged 21 years, 2 months and 12 days.

OBITUARY. Ephraim McFarland died at his residence in Searsmont, Saturday March 1st, 1873, of paralysis of the heart. He was the son of Capt. Ephraim McFarland of Belfast, and followed the sea with his father until he was 21 years of age. In 1824 he came to this town a poor young man, but by industry and perseverance he achieved a success. In 1830 he married Sally, daughter of James Higgins, of Belmont, a woman of rare abilities, who added not a little to his success in life. Had eight children, six daughters and two sons. The youngest son, a man of ability, who bids fair to walk in the footsteps of his father, remains at home. He leaves eight grandchildren. In 1841 he joined the Washingtonian Society and remained a faithful member until his death. In 1848 he bought the Searsmont House, which he ever kept on strict temperance principles. And truly may it be said of him "an honest man is the noblest work of God." He was a life long Democrat, has taken the Republican Journal 12 years. His wife still survives him, in her 67th year. He was a kind husband and an indulgent father. Those who knew him best will long remember his many good qualities. G. G.

Searsmont, March 6

In Rockport, Feb. 7th, Mrs. Clemmie Vannah, wife of Henry Vannah, aged 54.

Mrs. Vannah leaves an affectionate family and large circle of friends to mourn her absence. She had been a close follower of Jesus for 30 years, and a firm believer in the soon coming of Christ.

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep."

In Frankfort, March 3d, Amos Milliken, aged 58 years, 5 months.

In Rockland, March 1, Nicholas Nichols, formerly of England, aged 23 years.

In Ellsworth, Feb. 28th, David A. West, aged 29 years and 11 months. Feb. 24th, Frank Osgood Armour, infant son of Andrew Armour, aged 6 months. Feb. 27th, Sarah Y., daghter of Roland C. and Susan S. Webber, aged 1 year and 7 months.

In East Eden, Feb. 24th, Capt. Royal G. Higgins, aged 64 years.

In Searsmont, March 7th, Samuel Burgess, aged 52 years.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF BELFAST.

ARRIVED.

March 6. Schs Olive, Warren, Islesboro; D K Arey, Ryan, Boston; George Washington, Small, Islesboro; Joseph W Fish, Seavey, St George; Hero, Foss, Boston.

7. Sarah Porter, (new), Wall, Boston; J P Merlam, Clark, do; Annie Tibbetts, Curtis, Corn for Pitcher & Gorham; Golden Rule, Loog, Tenant's Harbor.

8. Nathan Clifford, Ginn, New York; Isis, Bullock, Boston; Jachin, Coombs, Portsmouth.

12. Clara Sawyer, Ransom, Mt Desert; Nevada, Gillis, Baltimore.

SAILED.

March 7. Schs P M Bonney, Burgess, Carver's Harbor; North Cape, Robbins, Clark's Island.

8. Orion, Osborn, Boston; Ringleader, Smith, do; Joseph W Fish, Seavey, Charleston, S C; J M Morales, Elbridge, Bucksville, S C.

11. Gen Mead, Patterson, Boston; Forest Queen, Lewis, do.

12. Hero, Foss, Boston.

Schooner Ned Sumpter, from Rockland for Norfolk, with lime, put into New York, 8th, with the vessel on fire.

The Dead Letter.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

And can it be? Ah, yes, I see,
'Tis thirty years and better
Since Mary Morgan sent to me
This musty, musky letter.
A pretty hand, (she couldn't spell),
As any man must own it;
And 'twas, as I remember well,
A pretty hand that wrote it!

How calmly now I view it all,
As memory backward ranges—
The talks, the walks that I recall,
And then—the postal changes!
How well I loved her, I can guess
(Since cash is Cupid's hostage—
Just one-and-sixpence—nothing less—
This letter cost in postage.

The love that wrote it at such a *rate*
(By Jove! it was a steep one!)
Five hundred notes (I calculate)
Was certainly a deep one;
And yet it died—of slow decline—
Perhaps suspicion chilled it;
I've quite forgotten if 'twas mine
Or Mary's flirting killed it.

At last the fatal message came;
"My letter—please return them:
And yours—of course you wish the same—
I'll send them back or burn them."
Two precious fools, I must allow,
Whichever was the greater;
I wonder if I'm wiser now,
Some seven lustres later?

And *this* alone remains! Ah, well!
These words of warm affection,
The faded ink, the pungent smell,
Are food for deep reflection.
They tell of how the heart contrives
To change with fancy's fashion,
And how a drop of musk survives
The strongest human passion!

An Old Scandal.

An old gossip of the masculine sex, writing to the New York Commercial Advertiser concerning chaplains and the dullness of their prayers, contrives to introduce some anecdotes about the late Rev. John N. Campbell, D. D., and also revives the historical scandal of the "Kitchen Cabinet." We make the following extracts:

I remember but few clergymen who were listened to in my time with more sincere attention than the late Dr. John N. Campbell. He was what Coleridge would call a "noticeable man" in any position; tall and slender in stature, elegant in manners, and graceful in movement. He had a pale, student-like face, beaming with benevolence and affection, and a smile as captivating as beauty itself. His manner was gentle and fascinating, and his voice as melodious as ringing gold, with a plaintive tone at times that reached the tenderest chords of the heart. Though not a believer in his faith, I was an admirer of him from boyhood—so earnest, so impressive and eloquent. His thoughts ran in a smooth, clear current, so that the most unlettered could understand him.

I am induced to refer to Dr. Campbell because his name is historical. When General Jackson went to Washington as President of the United States in 1820, Dr. John N. Campbell was Pastor of the only Presbyterian Church at the Capital. General Jackson being of that faith became one of his congregation, and Dr. Campbell was a constant visitor to the home circle of the President. But few of the present generation remember any thing of the excitement growing out of the scandal circulated in Washington circles about Mrs. Eaton, wife of Major Eaton, a member of General Jackson's Cabinet, and the President's most trusted friend. Mr. Eaton had married the widow of a midshipman by the name of Timberlake, who, although an elegant and fascinating woman, on account of some supposed irregularities when she was the wife of Timberlake, the ladies at Washington refused to admit her as a member of their social circle. Mrs. Vice-President Calhoun and Mrs. Ingham, Mrs. Branch and Mrs. Berrien, whose husbands were members of the Cabinet, in conformity to what was deemed the public opinion of the female society of Washington, refused to associate with Mrs. Eaton, or to visit or invite visits from her.

General Jackson, who, as I observed, was an ardent personal friend of Major Eaton, could not so far restrain his feelings as to remain neutral, and became the warm champion of the lady's honor, and threatened to break up the Cabinet, and give Ingham, Branch and Berrien their walking papers unless their wives made Mrs. Eaton a welcome visitor to their circles. The scandal became notorious, and the excitement connected with it extended throughout the country. The affair resulted in a breaking up of the Cabinet, and the retirement from office of the husbands of the wives who had tabooed Mrs. Eaton from their social circle, and the removal of Dr Campbell from Washington to Albany.

The scandal about Mrs. Eaton was communicated to Dr. Campbell by a distinguished clergyman, and in some way it reached the ears of the best female society of Washington. The President having instituted a thorough inquiry into the matter, traced the story to Dr. Campbell. "Old Hickory" and the Doctor had hot words over the affair, and he abandoned his church. Dr. Campbell shortly afterward was called to Albany, and succeeded the Rev. Dr. Nott in the "Old Brick Church," corner of Pearl and Beaver streets, now converted into stores.

I remember a good story the Doctor used to tell about himself, which occurred during his pastorship at the Capital. It was his custom, while on good terms with General Jackson, to visit the Executive Mansion once or twice a week. On the opposite side of the avenue from the White House resided an old lady, one of the "F. F. V.'s," who had seen better days. She was a member of the Doctor's congregation. One day she met him after leaving the President, and accosted him: "Doctor, you visit General Jackson very often, but you never come to see me." "You don't compare yourself to the President," observed the Doctor, good-naturedly. "Why not? I am just as good as he is, and have better blood in my veins than any one born in Tennessee." The Doctor saw her Virginia pride was touched, and thought he would have a good joke with the venerable representative of "Old Virginia." "Well," said the Doctor, "I propose to come to tea to-morrow evening with you, on one condition." "What's that?" she inquired. "You Diana is an exemplary member of my church. She is a good Christian woman, and I wish her to take a seat at the table and be one of the party." The blood of Virginia was horrified at the idea of taking tea with her kitchen wench. The Doctor attempted to explain by saying that she had a soul to be saved, that she was a devout Christian, and that he could see no difference between her and "the lady of the house." It is needless to say the old lady was indignant, and never after was seen in the Doctor's Church. She repeated the story so often that Washington became too hot for the Doctor, who soon after found a more agreeable climate North.

Burial Service on Board a Man-of-War.

But into this, our floating citadel, steals sometimes a "single sombre warrior," and smites in our midst. Young Hylas is gone from among the Argonauts. All last night lay a still form on the "half-deck"—very still and rigid and dark, though the sentinel-lamp at the cabin door streamed upon it. It was screened from the slumberers in the neighboring hammocks, breathing a deeper awe than they—"for sleep is awful;" it was draped over by the union-jack, and beside it was a solitary watcher. The morrow has come. The sunshine laughs out of argent lids in the heavens; the "mighty purple billows of the much rolling sea" foam and flash. The ship swings dashingly forward, the startled flying-fish twinkles, the sea-bird circles and yelps—all is life. Hark! it is the boatswain's pipe; but it is blown in lower key than wont, and it has a long-drawn note of wail.

"All hands bury the dead!"

A solemn summons! The ship's bell tolls solemnly. The courses are all hauled up; the main-top-sail is braced aback, the frigate's way is deadened as much as may be, and then the silence is broken only by the hollow beat of waves, and the subdued, murmurous sound of men mustering by hundreds, slowly and gravely though it be. The officers, in glittering uniforms, are grouped on the lee side of the quarter-deck; the marines are drawn up opposite, in full dress; the crew, in their snowy "line frocks," cluster about the "booms" and gangways. The body of the poor sailor boy—how sad his fate!—closely sewed up in his little hammock and placed upon a rude bier, is borne from below on the shoulders of his messmates—how neatly rigged these pall-bearers, and what soltness in those weather-beaten faces!—and is rested gently on the ship's midside. The chaplain, in his robes, approaches; all uncover.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live!"

The words fall upon the ear and heart—in that presence, on the "pure, unsearchable sea," dark, not from obscurity, but from vastness—like a revelation newly heard. Over the boy are the stars of his country in pall—the Stars of immortality in assurance! A light cloud passes; there is a soft sprinkle of rain. Those drops are the last touches of freshness in the vital air, ere, at the words, "We therefore commit his body to the deep," the spangled drapery is lifted, and the hammock is shot forward, to drop with a thrilling plash, and to sink, ghastly glimmering, into the salt depths. The marines fire three volleys—an honor accorded to the humblest of those who wear their country's livery—the ship and ship's life move gayly on, and the rest of grief is for them who are far away.

"O, mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor, while thy head is bowed,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave."

[Harper's Magazine.

Unpleasant Nuptials.

Troy (New York) Cor. of the New York Sun.

This city is considerably excited over one of the most singular marriage cases on record. The parties concerned are a young man named Michael Collins and a young girl named Bessie Gillen. The father of the girl has been dead for a number of years, and the day of providing for the family has devolved upon her two brothers. The reputation of the girl has been good until recently. On Sunday morning she gave birth to a child. After repeated questionings on the part of her brothers she finally admitted the father of the child was Collins, who is a printer employed in the Press office. The brothers, after some deliberation, concluded the wisest course that could be pursued would be to compel the young man to marry the girl. The following is the substance of the story related by Collins to the Grand Jury.

Collins said that he was walking about town early on Sunday evening and met two friends at the corner of Congress and Third streets. He was conversing with them when Michael Gillen appeared upon the scene and suggested to Collins that they should take a stroll. Collins, who had not been informed of the birth of the child and unsuspecting, accompanied Gillen to the house of the latter on Adams street. Collins' suspicions were not awakened until they had entered the house. It was then that Gillen presented a revolver and commanded Collins to make Bessie his wife. Collins demurred, and asked the reason for such a demand. He was therefore told by Gillen that he had seduced his sister; that he was the father of the child born a few hours previous, and that marriage was the only possible reparation.

Collins, desiring to save his life, finally consented to allow the marriage ceremony to be performed, Michael requested his brother, Samuel, to keep guard over Collins until he should return with a minister.

In a short time Michael returned, accompanied by Father Havermans.

The priest had been informed that he was wanted to perform the marriage ceremony, and upon entering the room asked Collins if he was ready to proceed.

Collins answered: "I am forced into this marriage."

The priest and prospective husband were shown into an apartment where lay Bessie and her newly-born child. Collins, under threatenings of death, approached the bedside, took the hand of Bessie, and the marriage ceremony was performed. The ceremonies concluded he was allowed to depart in peace.

He called upon the District Attorney and secured subpœnas commanding the several individuals who had witnessed the ceremony to appear before the Grand Jury and submit their testimony. Collins also appeared before the Grand Jury and related his story, as substantially given above.

The jury, it is authoritatively announced, is intending to report a true bill for assault and battery with a deadly weapon against the Gillen brothers.

Collins asserts that after he had told Father Havermans that he was forced into the marriage he should not have performed the ceremony, and he is determined to bring a suit against the clergyman. The priest justifies his conduct by saying that marriage would be the best means of avoiding the disgrace which an exposure would be sure to bring upon the family. He says the young man seemed willing to marry the girl, and even if he was not willing, he was not compelled to answer affirmatively the questions in the ceremony. Collins denies that he is the father of the child. If such be the facts of the case, the too hasty action of the Gillen brothers is only more apparent. Such is the status of affairs at present. The case is exciting much attention, and further developments will be awaited with interest.

Old Pastures, or New.

There are two opinions about pastures. One is that it is more profitable to feed only newly seeded land, using it not more than two years before ploughing it up for a reseeding; and the other to let it remain for many years, allowing the surface to become fully occupied by the native grasses, these being supposed to be best adapted to develop its power of production.

If we consider this question according to the general practice of farming communities in this country, we cannot hesitate to decide that the greatest profit will follow the first-named method, for there is no disputing the proposition that timothy, red-top, orchard grass and red clover, newly sown on a well-prepared and well-manured soil, will produce much more forage (and of a highly nutritious kind) than will a close turf of blue grass, white clover, etc., which has for many years had full possession of the ground and has had no artificial stimulation. The difference in amount will be much more than enough to repay the cost of breaking up, manuring and seeding.

It is not now a question whether the cows will do better on one kind of pasture than on the other, only which will produce the largest money profit. If a single cow were allowed to roam over ten acres of short old pasture, picking up her whole living in white clover and the tender sprouts of blue grass, there is no denying that she would give more milk, more butter and more cheese than she would if feeding, however abundantly, on the coarser grasses of an artificial pasture. But our purpose in farming is not to get the largest possible yield from our cows, but to get the largest possible yield from our land. The cows are only implements for converting the products of the field into the saleable products of the dairy.

An average first-class cow coming in in May will make 200 pounds of butter in the season on good natural pasture, but she will require at least three acres of land for her exclusive use. At thirty cents per pound the season's produce will be $60—or $20 per acre. On a good artificial pasture she may give only 180 pounds, worth $54, but she will be fully supported by the produce of a single acre. Supposing that one-third of the produce is consumed by the interest on the extra number of cows and by the cost of keeping up the pastures—which is surely a very liberal allowance, we shall have $36 instead of $20 as the return per acre. In addition to this, we shall make ourselves much more independent of variations of the seasons, for a well-worked rich meadow is far less injured by excessive drought than any natural pasture on the same soil could be. This, of itself, will often equal the drawback we have allowed for extra cost.

To put the proposition in another form we may expect, from the foregoing calculation, as large a cash profit from ten acres of artificial as from eighteen acres of natural pasture, and there would be far less risk of loss from unusual drought. It is not proposed, of course, that rough or waste lands should be used for artificial pastures (they would not repay the cost), only that such fields as are susceptible of profitable subjection should not be left wild.

How nearly natural pastures may be made equal to artificial ones by the use of the harrow and liberal top dressings, is a proposition not considered above. The cost would generally be less than that of reseeding, and the result equally good. In any case, no pasture, old or new, should ever be over-stocked. [American Agriculturist.

New Advertisements.

CHAPPED HANDS AND FACE.

Sore Lips, Dryness of the Skin, &c., &c. Cured at once by HEGEMAN'S CAMPHOR ICE WITH GLYCERINE. It keeps the hands soft in all weather. See that you get HEGEMAN'S. Sold by all Druggists. Only 25 cents. Manufactured only by HEGEMAN & Co., Chemists and Druggists, New York.

SEE in another place advertisement about **Iowa and Nebraska Lands.**

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WELCH & GRIFFITHS,
Manufacturers of Saws.
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.
EVERY SAW WARRANTED.
FILES, BELTING & MACHINERY.
LIBERAL DISCOUNTS.
Price Lists and Circulars free.
WELCH & GRIFFITHS,
Boston, Mass., & Detroit, Mich.

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$10 to $25 per acre. Fine Fruit and Garden Soil. Mild, healthy climate. Oysters and Fish abundant. Catalogues free. H. P. CHAMBERS, Federalsburg, Md.

WM. PARRY, POMONA Nursery, Cinnaminson, N. J. 100 acres in berries. The Monarch of the West is the largest and best. Peach Trees, Asparagus Roots, Rhubarb, Raspberries and Blackberries. Send for catalogue.

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The GUIDE is published QUARTERLY. 25 cents pays for the year, which is not half the cost. Those who afterwards send money to the amount of **One Dollar** or more for Seed may also order **25** cents worth extra at the price paid for the GUIDE.

The First Number is beautiful, giving plans for making **Rural Homes, Dining Table Decorations, Window Gardens**, &c., and a mass of information invaluable to the lover of flowers. **150** pages, on fine tinted paper, some **500** Engravings and a superb **Colored Plate** and **Chromo Cover.**—The First Edition of **200,000** just printed in English and German.

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EVERY MAN HIS OWN PAINTER;
Or, Paints—How to Select and Use Them.

Is a Book of 96 pages, containing sample card with 12 different actually painted shades and tints, with instructions for exterior and interior House Decoration.

25 copies, bound in cloth, for $5. Sample copies, paper cover, mailed, post paid, to any address, on receipt of **10 cents**, by the Publisher.

HENRY CAREY BAIRD,
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See the following valuable extracts from press notices:

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ONLY 10 CENTS

RARE AMERICAN BOOKS.—$5 for Franklin's Almanac, 1793; $2 for American Almanac, 1796; $3 for 1798. Rare Old American Book Wanted, viz: Richard Lucrece, Samuel Eleazer or Cotton Mather's Works; Penhallow's Indian Wars, 1726; Johnson's History of N. England, London, 1628; Genuine Poor Richard's Almanacs, Dr. Franklin's, or any other early American Book, Pamphlet, Coin, Indian Arrow Heads, Relics, Curiosities, Narratives or Almanac, in good condition. Also, good old, tall, 8-day brass clock. State price of each. JAS. I. MOULTON, 4 Carnes St., Lynn, Mass.

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IOWA AND NEBRASKA LANDS
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Produce will pay for the land and improvements much within the limit of this generous credit. Better terms are not offered, and probably never will be.

Circulars, giving full particulars, gratis. Call for all that are wanted to read and circulate.

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A Sectional Map, showing the exact location of Iowa Lands is sold at 30 cents, and of Nebraska Lands at same price. For circulars and Maps, apply to

GEO. S. HARRIS,
Land Commissioner, Burlington, Iowa.
Or, to J. W. TARLETON,
50 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

And please say in what paper this advertisement was seen.

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SEWING MACHINE OPERATORS.

Needles for any machine sent, postpaid, for sixty cents per doz'n. Needles warranted and exchanged if not satisfactory. Address NATIONAL NEEDLE Co., 94 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. Agts Wanted everywhere.

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Is simple in its mechanism, built strong and durable and can be operated by ordinary help. The capacity is 4,000 bricks an hour with steam power, or 2,500 with horse-power. Manufactured and sold by the

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CHICOPEE, MASS.

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By sending 35 cts., with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. W. FOX, P. O. Drawer 24, Fultonville, N. Y.

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

HORRIBLE!

I suffered with **Catarrh** thirty years, and was cured by a simple remedy. Will send receipt, postage free, to all afflicted. Rev. T. J. MEAD, Drawer 176, Syracuse, N. Y.

WORKING CLASSES MALE OR FEMALE. $60 a week guaranteed. Respectable employment at home, day or evening; no capital required; full instructions and valuable package of goods sent free by mail. Address, with six cent return stamp, M. YOUNG & CO., 16 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

$1.000 REWARD.

For any case of Blind, Bleeding, Itching or Ulcerated Piles that Dr BING'S PILE REMEDY fails to cure. It is prepared expressly to cure the Piles, and nothing else. Sold by all Druggists. Price, $1.00.

Do You Know It?

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE is a chemically pure preparation of PHOSPHORUS, one of the most important elements of the Human Body, and the only means by which this LIFE GIVING and LIFE-SUSTAINING element can be supplied to the system. We guarantee it to be a certain CURE for CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS, and all Pulmonary Affections, and a Specific Remedy for Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Paralysis, Nervous and Physical Debility, and all Nervous Affections. It is unsurpassed as a Tonic and Invigorator and generator of pure and healthy blood. For further information, Testimonials, Reports of Physicians, &c., send for our Treatise. Price, $1 per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Address

J. WINCHESTER & CO.,
36 John St., New York.

SEE in another place advertisement about **Iowa and Nebraska Lands.**

GRANDEST SCHEME OF THE AGE.

$500,000 CASH GIFTS.

$100,000 FOR ONLY $10.

Under authority of special legislative act of March 16, 1871, the trustees now announce the **Third Grand Gift Concert**, for the benefit of the **Public Library of Kentucky**, to come off in Library Hall, at Louisville, Ky., on

Tuesday, April 8th, 1873.

At this Concert the best musical talent that can be procured from all parts of the country will add pleasure to the entertainment, and **Ten Thousand Cash Gifts**, aggregating a vast total of **Half a Million Dollars** currency will be distributed by lot to the ticket-holders, as follows:

One Grand Cash Gift,		$100,000
One Grand Cash Gift,		50,000
One Grand Cash Gift,		25,000
One Grand Cash Gift,		20,000
One Grand Cash Gift,		10,000
One Grand Cash Gift,		5,000
24 Cash Gifts, $1,000 each,		24,000
50 Cash Gifts,	500 "	25,000
80 Cash Gifts,	400 "	32,000
100 Cash Gifts,	300 "	30,000
150 Cash Gifts,	200 "	30,000
500 Cash Gifts,	100 "	50,000
9,000 Cash Gifts,	10 "	90,000
Total, 10,000 Gifts, all Cash,		$500,000

To provide means for this magnificent Concert, **One Hundred Thousand Whole Tickets** will be issued.

Whole Tickets, $10; Halves, $5; and Quarters, $2.50. Eleven whole Tickets for $100. No discount on less than $100 orders.

The object of this **Third Gift Concert**, like the two previous ones given with such universal approval, is the enlargement and endowment of the **Public Library of Kentucky**, which, by the special act authorizing the concert for its benefit, is to be forever free to all the citizens of every State. The drawing will be under the supervision of the Trustees of the Library, assisted by the most eminent citizens of the United States. The sale of tickets has already progressed so far that complete success is assured, and buyers are therefore notified that they must order at once if they desire to participate in the drawing.

The management of this undertaking has been committed by the Trustees to **Hon. Thos. F. Bramlette**, late Governor of Kentucky, to whom communications pertaining to the Gift Concert may be addressed. R. T. DURRETT, Pres'd.

JOHN S. CAIN, Sec'y Public Library of K.
FARMERS AND DROVERS' BANK, Treasurer.

As the time for the Concert is close at hand, April 8th, parties wanting tickets should send in their orders immediately, if they would secure the tickets; delay absolutely unavoidable in the few days preceding the drawing. All order and applications for agencies, circulars and information will meet with prompt attention. THOS. F. BRAMLETTE, Agent Public Library, Louisville, Ky.

Vessels for Sale.

Several Schooners, Centre-Board and Keel Vessels. Apply to

H. P. UPTON,
No. 1 Commercial Wharf,
BOSTON, MASS.

Farm for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale his farm, situated in Prospect, one mile and a half west from the village. Consisting of one hundred and sixty acres of land, with buildings, well wooded and watered, with good orchard of grafted fruit. For particulars inquire on the premises.

ISAAC T. SMITH.
Prospect, Feb. 4, 1873.—3 4t

House for Sale.

The best location in the city, situated on corner of Church and High Sts., near North Church, opposite Phœnix house, good well water, 2 cisterns all in good order. Further particulars enquire at store in basement, or

R. F. STEPHENSON.
Belfast, Jan. 20.—3m29

Farm for Sale.

A beautiful farm situated in Belfast, 3 miles from the Post office, containing about 70 acres of highly cultivated lands, divided into fields, wood and pasturage. A fine dwelling house, barn and out buildings, two wells of never failing water, and everything that goes to make a first class farm. Also my dwelling house on corner of High street and Corbett's Lane, with 1-2 acres of land and an excellent orchard thereon. For further particulars call on the subscriber at the last named place.

JOHN WEST.
Belfast Dec. 19, 1872.—tf24

Farm for Sale.

The subscriber offers for sale the well known Cook farm, so called, in Jackson. Said farm contains 150 acres of excellent land, situated at Jackson Centre, and is divided into highly cultivated fields, pasturing and thick wood lands. It is 4 miles from Brooks station, and 10 rods from P. O., and the same from a good meeting every Sunday, and the same from Town House. It is abundantly supplied with water from 2 wells and numerous springs; the house is a story and half with ell, painted throughout, together with a carriage house, cattle shed, barn 40 by 52 feet, wood house, Blacksmith shop, dung cellar, sheep house, a large orchard mostly grafted fruit. Apply to the subscriber on the place.

EDWARD W. ROBERTS.
Jackson, Dec. 3d, 1872.—4t23

Farm for Sale Cheap.

ILL HEALTH having compelled the subscriber to leave his home, he will sell, at a GREAT SACRIFICE, his farm in Camden, Said Farm is situated on the Hope road, 3 1-2 miles from Camden Harbor and Rockport. Contains 80 acres of land; cuts from 10 to 15 tons of hay; good buildings, and an abundance of wood for market and home use. Also with the same if desired, a mountain wood lot of 25 acres; a portion in old growth wood, the balance a thrifty and valuable hoop-pole wood. As an investment, the wood land is well worth the price asked for the Farm.

For further particulars, terms, &c., apply to H. BASS, at Camden Post office, or to ALEX. LUDWIG, near the premises.

HENRY M. HOSMER.
Bath, Cal., Feb. 18, 1873.—3w34

For Sale!

6000 APPLE TREES.

6 YEARS OLD, of grafted fruit. Farmers why will you buy Western fruit trees, of which you know nothing, when you can for half the price purchase trees raised in your own State, which necessarily must be adapted to the soil and climate, and naturally must, if properly transplanted, thrive and bring forth fruit.

PRICE, - 25 CENTS EACH.

For further information apply to the undersigned, at Winterport Village. C. R. MERRILL.
Feb. 20th, 1873.—3mos34

COMMON SENSE
Business Wagon!

The Crank-axle Spring Wagon, Patented Dec. 31, 1872, is better adapted for general use than any other wagon made. Patent rights for sale by J. N. STEWART, Patentee, Belfast, or AMES MITCHELL, Travelling agent. 2mos30*

Sheriff's Sale.

WALDO, SS—Taken on execution in favor of William J. Eaton, against Lemont Downing, and will be sold at public auction, to the highest bidder, on Saturday, the twenty-ninth day of March next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the office of Joseph Williamson, in Belfast, in said County all the right of said Downing to redeem from a levy by appraisement, made on the twenty-seventh day of January last past, on an execution in favor of Thomas Downing against said Lemont Downing, the following described parcel of land, situate in said Searsmont, said bounded as follows; viz.: beginning at the south side of the county road on the line of land owned by Joseph Jewett; thence southerly, by said line to the stream; thence easterly, by land owned by Alexander Woodman; thence northerly, by said Woodman's land to said County road; thence westerly, by the line of said road to the place of beginning, containing thirty acres, more or less.

SAMUEL NORTON, Sheriff.
Belfast, Feb. 19, 1873.—3w35

J. G. COOK & CO.,

HEREBY GIVE NOTICE to their customers that they have sold out their stock and closed up business. All having unsettled accounts are requested to call and settle them immediately with J. G. Cook, who will be found for the present at the old stand.

3w34 J. G. COOK & CO.

USE WARD'S INK

FOR SALE IN BELFAST BY 1y1
M. P. WOODCOCK.
SAMUEL WARD & CO., Propr's, Boston

Call and See

as good an assortment of WOOLEN GOODS of a grade, usually found in a

First-Class Tailoring Establishment.

Also Trimmings to correspond, which are being manufactured to order by first-class workmen at as low prices as the times will afford.

CUTTING attended to in all its branches by myself. I have also a fine assortment of

FURNISHING GOODS

of all kinds. PAPER COLLARS, 10 cents a box or 3 boxes for 25 cents, in all sizes and all the other better grades of Collars. 1f41 H. L. LORD.

WINTER MILLINERY.

MRS. E. R. JOHNSON will return next week with the winter style, which she will be pleased to show her customers. Felt Hats in Drab, Black, Bronze and other desirable shades. Velvets, Ribbons, Feathers and Fancy Wings, Jets and Jet Bands.

FANCY GOODS. Handkerchiefs, Collars, Ties and Neck-Handkerchiefs, Gloves, Two-Button Kids, Kid Mittens, &c., &c.

DRESS MAKING. Miss Jackson has selected a winter stock of Dress and Cloak Trimmings, such as Buttons, Fringes, Gimps, Tassels, &c. Special attention given in Dress and Cloak Making in the Latest Styles.

NOVELTIES
IN THE
WORSTED DEPARTMENT.

E. R. JOHNSON & CO., just opened a fine assortment of Worsteds and Worsted Patterns, Slippers, Ottomans and Toilet Cushions, Bracket and Towel Racks, Infant's Knit Shirts, Socks, Sockets and Mittens, Ladies Breakfast Shawls, Nubias, Rigolets and Hose, Children's Leggins, Socks and Riding Hoods, Gentlemen's Scarfs, Java, Panama, Waffle and Tinsel Canvas, Plain and Fancy Perforated Paper, Bergmann's Best Berlin Zephyr Worsteds in two four and eight fold, Shetland Worsteds, Crochet Knitting and Worsted Needles, and Paper Patterns. Particular attention given in shading of Worsteds.

HAYFORD BLOCK, - - BELFAST.
1f20

STATE OF MAINE.

WALDO SS.—To the Sheriffs of our respective Counties or either of their Deputies.

GREETING:

WE COMMAND you to attach the goods or estate of William Jackson, of Montville, in said County of Waldo, to the value of one hundred dollars; and summon the said defendant (if he may be found within your precinct) to appear before our justices of our Supreme Judicial Court, next to be holden at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo, on the first Tuesday of January, next, then and there in our said County, to answer unto Mary P. Jackson, of Palermo, in a plea of divorce in which the said Mary P. Jackson represents that she was lawfully married to said William Jackson, at Montville, in the County of Waldo, on the day of August, A. D., 1871; that your libellant, since the marriage, has always behaved herself as a chaste and faithful wife towards said William Jackson, but that the said William, regardless of his marriage covenant, put her out of his house in March, 1873, and other wrongs then and there did to her, the said Mary, by kicking her and striking her and pulling her hair, and other wrongs then and there did, and she soon after was deserted at a female child, and the said William has neglected and refused support for her or his child, but wholly neglects and refuses so to do.

Wherefore, she prays that she may be divorced from the bonds of matrimony between her and the said William Jackson. MARY P. JACKSON.

And have you there this writ with your doings therein.

Witness, JONATHAN G. TUCKERSON, Esquire, at Belfast, the 19th day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two.

W. G. FRYE, Clerk.

WALDO, SS.—SUP. JUD. COURT, January Term, 1873.

On the foregoing suit and libel, Ordered, that notice of the pendency thereof be given to the said William Jackson, libellee, by causing an attested copy of said writ and libel, with this order thereon, to be published three weeks successively in the Republican Journal, a newspaper printed at Belfast, in the County of Waldo, the last publication to be thirty days at least, before the next term of the Court, to be holden at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo, on the third Tuesday of April next, that said libellee may then and there appear and answer to said libel if he see fit.

J. G. DICKERSON, J. S. J. C.

A true copy of libel and order thereon.

Attest—W. G. FRYE, CLERK.

To the Honorable Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court, next to be holden at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo, on the third Tuesday of April, A. D., 1873.

LILLIE W. BRODBECK, of Belfast, in the County of Waldo, aforesaid, libels and gives this Honorable Court to be informed that she was lawfully married to Carl A. F. Brodbeck late of Bangor, in this State, but of parts unknown, at said Bangor, on the twenty-seventh day of November, A. D., 1862; that her maiden name was Lillie W. Rollins; that she was, at the time of said marriage, and at the commencement of this suit, and still is, an actual inhabitant of this State; that for more than five or six years after her said marriage she lived at said Bangor with her said husband; that she has had by him one child, viz: Annie Brodbeck, aged nine years. That your libellant has ever since her said marriage, conducted herself as a faithful, chaste and affectionate wife toward her said husband, and performed all her marriage duties and obligations; but that the said Carl, disregarding his marriage covenants and duties towards your libellant, treated her with extreme cruelty during nearly all the time they lived together; that he was in the constant habit of striking, kicking and choking her, and at times severely injured her by his cruel and inhuman treatment; that for several years before he finally deserted your libellant, the said Carl was addicted to the excessive use of intoxicating drinks; that the said Carl was also addicted to the habit of confirmed gambling, and spent the most or his money for intoxicating liquors and at gambling. That the said Carl, though well able if he had been so disposed, did not provide a proper and sufficient support for your libellant and their said child, but left your libellant under the want of food and other necessaries. That about the 30th day of June, 1868, the said Carl abandoned your libellant and the said child, without leaving any means, or making any provision for their support; that the said Carl has ever since continued his said desertion, making no provision whatever for the support and maintenance of your libellant or their said child; nor has he in any manner communicated with them, or with your libellant has never since been informed of his whereabouts.

Wherefore, your libellant prays that this Honorable Court will decree that the bonds of matrimony existing between her and the said Carl A. F. Brodbeck be forever dissolved, and that she may resume her maiden name of Lillie W. Rollins, and that she may have the custody and control of her said child, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

Dated at Belfast, aforesaid the 3d day of March, A. D. 1873.

LILLIE W. BRODBECK.

STATE OF MAINE.

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT, in vacation, Belfast, March 3d, 1873.

Upon the foregoing libel it is Ordered, by me, the undersigned, one of the Justices of said Court, that notice thereof be given to the libellee, by causing an attested copy of the same, together with this order thereon, three weeks successively in the Republican Journal, a newspaper printed at Belfast, in the County of Waldo, the last publication to be thirty days at least before the next term of the Court to be holden at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo, on the third Tuesday of April next, that said libellee may then and there appear and answer to said libel if he see fit.

J. G. DICKERSON, J. S. J. C.

A true copy of libel and order thereon.

Attest—W. G. FRYE, CLERK.

To the Honorable Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court, next to be holden at Belfast, within and for the County of Waldo, on the first Tuesday of January, A. D., 1873.

MARY A. DOWNING, of Searsmont, in said County, respectfully libels and gives this Court to be informed, that she was married to Lemont Downing, now or late of said Searsmont, her maiden name being Mary A. Eaton, on the second day of August, A. D., 1861, at Ripley, in the County of Somerset, and ever since said marriage has conducted herself towards the said Lemont as a faithful, chaste and affectionate wife; yet the said Lemont, regardless of his marriage vows and covenant, did on or about the first day of February, now last past, commit the crime of adultery with some person or persons to your libellant unknown.

Wherefore, she prays that a divorce from the bonds of matrimony between herself and said libellee may be decreed, if the same is deemed reasonable and proper, conducive to domestic peace and harmony, and consistent with the peace and morality of society; that the custody of their minor children, William T., aged seven years; Joseph L., aged five; Frank, aged three, and Frederick, aged six months, may be given her, and that reasonable alimony out of said libellee's estate, having regard to his ability, may be decreed to her.

Dated at Searsmont, this twenty-first day of December, A. D., 1872. MARY A. DOWNING.

WALDO, SS.—SUP. JUD. COURT, January Term, 1873.

On the foregoing libel, Ordered, That notice of the pendency thereof be given the said libellee by publishing an attested copy of said libel, with this order thereon three weeks successively in the Republican Journal, a newspaper printed at Belfast, in said County of Waldo, the last publication to be at least fourteen days before the next term of said Court to be holden at Belfast within and for the County of Waldo, on the third Tuesday of April, 1873, that said libellee may then and there appear and show cause if any he have why the prayer of said libellant should not be granted.

Attest—W. G. FRYE, Clerk.

A true copy of libel and order thereon.

Attest—W. G. FRYE, Clerk.

JOS. WILLIAMSON, Belfast, Att'y for Libellant.

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Maine.

In the matter of COLCORD, BERRY & CO., Bankrupts.

IN BANKRUPTCY.

DISTRICT OF MAINE, ss. At Belfast, the 20th day of February, A. D., 1873.

The undersigned hereby give notice of their appointment as Assignees of the joint and individual estates of Colcord, Berry & Company, of Stockton, in the County of Waldo, and State of Maine, within said District, who have been adjudged Bankrupts upon their own petition by the District Court of said District, filed 23d September, A. D., 1872.

JOS